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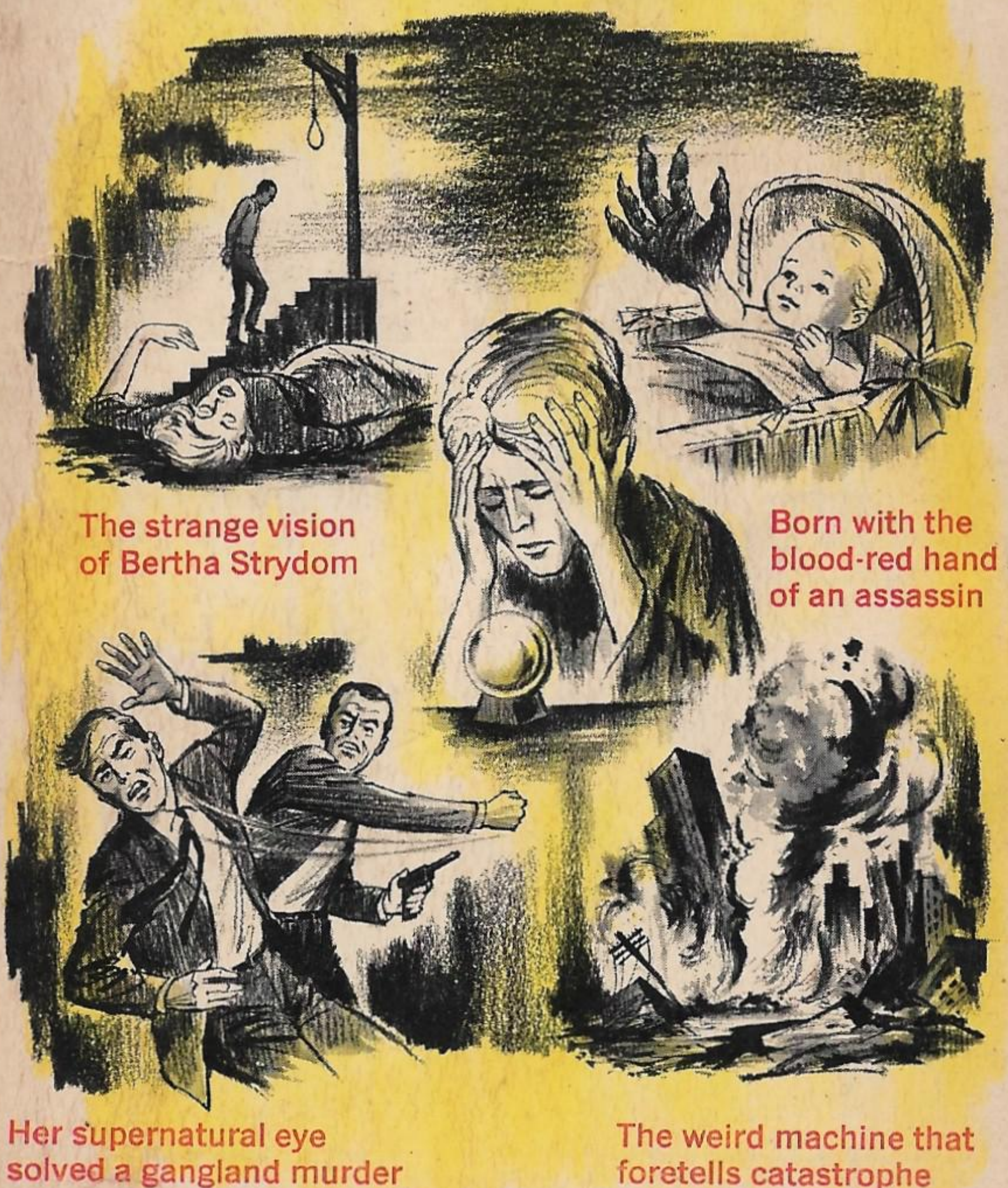
STRANGE POWERS OF PROPHECY



The strange vision of Bertha Strydom

Born with the blood-red hand of an assassin

Her supernatural eye solved a gangland murder

The weird machine that foretells catastrophe

By Brad Steiger

STARTLING . . .

INCREDIBLE . . .

UNBELIEVABLE . . .

TRUE

Here are completely verified accounts of men and women with the incredible power to live both in the present and in the future. Some of the stories are terrifying, others simply amazing; some come from the past, others are occurring as you read this. They are all proof positive of the power of prophecy.

This book will startle, shock—perhaps even frighten—you, but one thing is sure—after you finish it, you will never again be able to call yourself an unbeliever.

About the Author

Bizarre, strange and unexplainable phenomena have been of great interest to BRAD STEIGER, the pen-name of a famous author of some eighteen books and over two hundred articles and short stories, since the age of eleven. A member of the Mystery Writers of America, he was selected for the 1966 volume of *Outstanding Young Men of America*. His book, *The Unknown*, is available in a Popular Library edition.

STRANGE POWERS OF PROPHECY

By Brad Steiger

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THE WOMAN WHO FORESAW TERROR IN A POLICEMAN'S TEACUP

San Diego police officer Walter J. Macy was just as skeptical about reading tea leaves, telling fortunes and "other supernatural stuff" as he had been in the past. He regarded all fortune tellers as fakes and all those who consulted such people as poor, deluded simpletons.

Mrs. Myrtle Hoffman was different however. She was a close friend of his wife's, and as he sat in her home sipping an after-duty cup of tea with the two women, he felt he could hardly refuse her offer to read his tea leaves.

"Okay," he shrugged with a smile, handing her the cup, "if you want to take the chance. I may have to arrest you for fortunetelling, though," he teased.

Officer Macy prided himself on his ability to interpret facial expressions. In his line of work, he had to deal with smooth-talking, deceptive con men and rough characters who were always on the edge of violence. It was his business to read all that he could from the dilation of the pupils or the twitching of a cheek muscle, and 16 years in the force had made him an expert. The expression on Mrs. Hoffman's face was that of pure terror.

"What is it, Myrtle?" his wife asked.

Mrs. Hoffman gripped the table edge with such force that her knuckles stood out. "I see death in these tea leaves," she whispered, glancing up at Officer Macy.

"Go on," he said. The teasing smile had left his face.

Mrs. Hoffman gasped for breath. "This is hard for me to believe even though I have been reading tea leaves for many years. I see two deaths. One man is shot full of holes . . . like a sieve. Another, a businessman, is also shot dead. There is a man in a uniform, who wears black boots. He is hurt severely. This will happen Sunday night."

Mrs. Macy sucked in her breath with a hoarse cry: "Is it Walter?"

"No," Mrs. Hoffman said, shaking her head emphatically and looking from the policeman to his anxious wife. "It is not Walter."

"Where does this take place, Myrtle?" Macy asked the woman.

"I can not tell, Walter," Mrs. Hoffman said. "I'm sorry, but I am not able to tell."

The next morning, Officer Macy related the incident to Chief Joe Doran. He had been so impressed with Mrs. Hoffman's reading that he was willing to brave the ridicule he knew would be heaped upon him.

"It may have started as a joke on her part," Officer Macy said, "I know that it was on mine. But I watched her eyes and her expressions throughout the entire reading. Myrtle was telling what she believed to be the truth!"

Chief Doran stared at Officer Macy for a long moment before he asked: "Do you believe it was the truth, Walt?"

Macy shifted uneasily on the hard wooden chair. "I'm passing it along because the incident impressed me as being the truth."

Chief Doran hooted his amazement. "I never thought that I would live to see the day when a hard-nosed cop like Walt Macy—an officer who has always insisted upon fingerprints, eyewitness testimony and facts, facts, facts—would get taken in by a fortune teller and her pile of soggy tea leaves!"

Macy returned to his desk in the Identification Bureau feeling like a prize fool. He could imagine the ribbing that he would get if his fellow officers found out that he had been suckered by a tealeaf reader.

Still, the memory of the expression of Mrs. Hoffman's face remained vivid throughout the entire weekend.

On Monday morning, an excited Chief Doran summoned Macy to his office. What the tealeaf reader had forseen had come to pass exactly as she had stated it!

"I told you last Saturday that Mrs. Hoffman has been a close family friend for 15 years," Officer Macy said. "I also told you that I believed that she had truly had a glimpse of the future. What happened?"

Slumping into his seat behind the desk, Chief Doran told Macy how the California Theatre had been stuck up at 11:45 P.M. on Sunday night. The manager, James F. Malloy, had been shot and killed while he was reaching for the combination to the safe in his inside coat pocket. His movement had been interpreted by the gunman as a sign of resistance. The stickup man, James Durant, had joined Otto Morrissery in the getaway car. Two motorcycle officers, Archie Comstock and Tom Remington, had tried to run them into the curb and Comstock had been shot. Later, when Deputy Sheriff Blake Mason and Detective Sergeant Hugh Rochefort found the abandoned getaway car, they shot it out with Morrissery in the basement of a deserted building.

Mrs. Hoffman's tealeaf prediction of death on a Sunday night had come true to the letter.

Morrissery had caught four blasts from the officers' shotguns and had, literally, been shot full of holes like a sieve.

Malloy, the manager, was the businessman who had been killed.

The wounded Patrolman Comstock, with the black boots of a motorcycle officer, fulfilled the remainder of the night of terror.

The gunman, James Durant, was not apprehended until March 1, 1933, when traced through his fingerprints he was arrested for the theft of two pairs of stockings.

HEINRICH HEINE'S FATAL FORECAST

There are many tales of the prophetic and clairvoyant powers of the famous German poet, Heinrich Heine. One of the most famous concerns his prediction of impending death for his close friend, Vincenzo Bellini, a celebrated opera composer.

Heine was attending a party in Puteaux, a suburb of Paris, when Bellini was asked to play a number of his compositions at the piano. Heine took a seat and settled back to listen.

Suddenly, the poet left his chair, walked to the piano, and placed restraining fingers on the hands of his friend.

Bellini was in the middle of a particularly brilliant passage and had been oblivious to his friend's presence until the poet's fingers had clasped his own. The entire party was surprised into a stunned silence.

The composer frowned, started to object, then stopped, quieted by the solemn expression on Heine's face.

"Dear friend," Heine said, "make ready. You will soon die."

Bellini shrank back.

"Ah, yes," Heine continued, "what a great pity it is that genius so often dies young. Remember Raphael, Pergolesi, Mozart, Byron, and now. . . ."

Bellini, his face ashen, tore his hands from Heine's grasp and made the ancient "sign of the horns," which superstitious Italians have used for centuries to avert "the evil eye."

The composer left the party in a rage, vowing never to speak to his friend again. The fact that they had parted on such a bitter note made Heine all the more sorrowful when Bellini died three days later.

ENGLAND'S ASTONISHING DR. JOHN PENDRAGON

Dr. John Pendragon of 14 Norfolk Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England, accurately predicted—in print and as much as a year in advance of the actual occurrence—President Kennedy's assassination, the retirement of Khrushchev, the detonation of Red China's atomic device, Lyndon B. Johnson's election and his abdominal operation, the race riots and the death of Eddie Cantor.

In May 1965, Dr. Pendragon wrote the following regarding the Shah of Iran: "I am not happy as to his personal safety, but I am impressed that he will put down scheming, corruption and plotting with an exceedingly firm hand and will have no hesitation in removing from his path anyone who attempts to counter his aims . . . I feel some intrigues against the Shah, but these he will uncover and deal with ruthlessly. . . ."

On November 2, 1965, newspapers headlined: "Two Sentenced to be Shot in Shah Plot." Two young Iranians were subsequently sentenced by military tribunal to be executed for complicity in an attempt to assassinate the Shah. Seven other conspirators received sentences of three to eight years.

In November 1965, Dr. Pendragon published his prediction that ". . . Nkrumah, President of Ghana, will soon bite the dust, bringing down with him not only his little clique . . . but the prestige and peace of the whole nation."

On February 25, 1966, Nkrumah was swept from power by a revolt.

In those same predictions, published in the British edition of *Fate* magazine for November 1965, the seer foresaw the crash of a "plane . . . R.A.F. at a Welsh beauty spot. The hillside will be scarred."

A mid-February 1966 news report carried the story of the R.A.F. Vulcan bomber which crashed on Ystradfellte Mountain, Brecon, Wales. Five crewmen were killed and debris was scattered on the hillside.

A published column in 1963 accurately predicted Cambridge's victory in an annual boat race, an increase in the price of cigarettes and the unearthing of Roman remains in Britain.

Clients of this remarkable contemporary prophet substantiate his claim of 85 to 90 per cent accuracy in his forecasts.

All of Dr. Pendragon's predictions are not heeded, however. On October 25, 1963, the seer posted a letter to John F. Kennedy. Earlier that year, Pendragon had published his predictions of an attempted assassination. By fall, the seer was having such anxiety over the welfare of the President that he sent him a letter urging him to observe utmost caution. The letter, which has been photostated and copyrighted by Dr. Pendragon, read (quoted by permission):

> Dear Mr. President,
>
> In my clairvoyant survey of coming events entitled "Wake Up Britain, Here's 1964!" which was recently published in FATE ANNUAL. . . . I wrote the following words concerning you:
>
> The President may make powerful enemies among his own people, and I would not rule out the possibility of an attempted assassination or worse if he is caught off guard. There may be a strange turning of the Wheel of Fate, for it is just a century ago since the American Civil War was raging with unabated fury. President Lincoln was shot by a madman in April, 1865. . . .
>
> I am becoming deeply concerned for your physical safety, and would respectfully urge you to strengthen your bodyguard, especially when you are in streets and other public places.
>
> With every good wish, I am, sir,
>
> Very truly yours,
> John Pendragon.

"Frankly, anybody can be a 'prophet,'" Dr. Pendragon notes wryly. "Anybody can say what they feel may happen personally, nationally, or internationally. But can these people show definite proof that their predictions have been fulfilled?"

The straightforward seer has little respect for any prognosticator whose claims cannot be substantiated by reference to printed forecasts which have been made in the past and which have come true.

"There is no subject in the world that offers such golden opportunities for the racketeer and the crook. It is bad enough in Britain, but in the States it is even worse.

"The average client has little or no knowledge of the mathematics of astrology. Consequently, he cannot tell whether a chart is accurately calculated or not."

Dr. Pendragon, whose personal credo is of highest integrity, noted grimly that a wealthy client of his recently consulted 12 astrologers and allowed him to check their calculations.

"Only three of the twelve sent her a mathematically accurate chart. She was born in South America, and several of the so-called practitioners compiled the horoscope as for birth in Britain. One calculated it for two days prior to the actual birth. Others didn't give the correct House positions of the planets, but one English and much advertised 'Madame' excelled herself by sending a chart decorated with some symbols of her own invention!"

Dr. Pendragon, a "Sun-Libran," born 1910, has had clairvoyant abilities since childhood. Before he was 6, he often told his parents facts about other people which he could not have known by normal means. But neither of his parents, who were both practical materialists, appreciated the youngster's evidence of clairvoyance. They attributed such embarrassing displays to childish fancy that coincidentally hit blushingly close to the mark. Under the threat of physical punishment, the boy suppressed his impressions when in the company of adults. He used his strange talent only to amuse his childhood friends by "guessing" things about their grownup relatives.

Because of the stresses of parental incompatibility, John's clairvoyance deserted him almost entirely when he was 10 and did not reappear, except for rare flashes, until after he was 25. Attracted at first to the study of chemistry, he later abandoned this to study art in the evenings while supporting himself as a salesman during the day. In the mid-Thirties, he became a commercial artist and short story writer. World War II interrupted these activities, but in the late-Thirties, his clairvoyance began to return. In 1943, after some years of study, Pendragon made the decision to become a professional astrologist-clairvoyant.

The seer soon began to build up a sizable clientele. He attracted a good deal of attention for his work with the famous psychic investigator, Harry Price. The studies and tests conducted by these two, especially the research carried on at the Borley Rectory (proclaimed by Price as the "most haunted house in England"), is discussed in several issues of the *Proceedings* of the British Society for Psychical Research.

For some clients Dr. Pendragon calculates horoscopes, and for others he gives clairvoyant "readings." At other times he incorporates the two arts. He has also studied graphology under the tutelage of the late Dr. Hans Jacoby of London.

Dr. Pendragon contributes to several occult magazines, but only the British *Fate* magazine carries his clairvoyant predictions. In other magazines he writes technical articles, and in *Prediction*, he runs a "*Send Me Your Question*" column.

"I wish to increase my world predictions mainly for the use of businessmen," says Dr. Pendragon. "While I am happy to do work on private and personal problems, the bulk of this type of consultation is rather irksome to me as about 40 per cent of it relates to matrimonial problems. I also do a little medical work and am sometimes consulted by doctors to assist them in their diagnoses.

"Another branch of my psychic work is assisting prospectors and treasure hunters. Most of these are in the U.S.A."

Dr. Pendragon believes in predestination "only in a very broad sense . . . For example, I believe that Sir Winston Churchill, F.D.R., and Hitler were destined to play their particular parts. I feel that Fate played a very big hand with them . . . with the 'little' man, Fate plays a much smaller part.

"I do *not* believe—as many of my clients do—that events that lay in their futures are all "fixed" on a sort of moving belt that we call Time, and that the movement of Time brings the event out of the future into the so-termed present. If that was wholly the case, there would be no freewill and we should have to take whatever came along on the belt. This seems to be one of the enervating philosophies of the Orient."

Dr. Pendragon's own psychic gifts rest upon him very lightly. He likes to take his time and prefers postal readings to personal confrontations with clients.

"Clairvoyance is not something that one can turn on and off like a tap, as many credulous folk imagine. I find that it is essential for me to have a firm bond with my client in the form of a piece of handwriting and a recent photograph. I also like to have full birth data, for not infrequently a blockage occurs, due sometimes to the 'vibrations' of a client and sometimes to my own lack of receptivity. Then I work on the horoscope and this clears the 'blockage.' "

To gain accurate forecasts about a public figure, Dr. Pendragon usually works from a press photograph. If he does not have one, he writes the name on a sheet of paper and dwells on it until the picture "comes." If possible, he likes to secure birth data, but this is not absolutely necessary. He had neither photograph nor birth data when he accurately forecast that President Kennedy would be assassinated.

The remarkable Dr. John Pendragon sometimes possesses the ability to see into the earth and to detect minerals and buried objects. Not infrequently, he is able to see into people's bodies. He is extremely sensitive to maps and is often able to locate both minerals and missing people by studying a map of the selected area. He has demonstrated his ability to describe the interior of a house and its occupants by merely placing his finger on the little black dot which represents the house on a large scale map.

In Dr. Pendragon's opinion, there will be a "colossal nuclear 'blowup' around 1980-1990. It *might* be

due to an accident, but I feel that war is much more probable.

"I am impressed that there will be further war in the Far East, probably springing from the Vietnam War. Japan will be involved—*against* Communism. I feel strong links between Japan and the States in spite of former enmity. I get that Britain may also be involved, at sea rather than in the air.

"I foresee a grave threat to Australia and New Zealand by the Reds.

"I doubt that L.B.J. will reach the end of his term of office, but will retire on health grounds. He will have to face increasing antagonism.

"There will, I feel, be profound changes within the British Constitution and Royal Family, and both the Archbishop of Canterbury and His Holiness the Pope will play a big part in the matter.

"The States will, within a few years, have a 'second Lincoln'—and may that be soon!

"I am prompted to add that the *first* men to reach the Moon will perish due to a technical hitch."

BERTHA STRYDOM, THE WOMAN WHO COULD FORESEE DEATH

"I warned you, Dr. Forsythe," the woman said in low tones. "You brought these men here on purpose, and he touched me on purpose. Is that not true?"

The graying doctor stood silently. There was nothing to say in his own defense since the woman was correct. "I only wanted to test . . ." he began.

"And now you will see the results of your test," the woman snapped.

"The man who touched you is . . ."

"Robert Beckman," the woman interrupted him again. "They call him Bobby. And I'll tell you what I see in his future. There will be a great war, and this man will fight across the desert where great destruction is taking place. I see him falling face-down toward the sand with a hole blasted through his chest."

Dr. Forsythe looked steadily at the woman. Her eyes were blazing, and the forcefulness of her demeanor seemed to cover up the fact that she was crippled. Then she buried her head in her hands. "Why?" she asked in muffled tones.

"All I want to do is attempt to find out what has given you the wonderful power to foresee the future. I plan to make notes and follow the case closely to see how accurate you are."

"Wonderful power?" she said incredulously. "It's a

curse. All I see around me is death. Why can't you just leave me alone?"

The year was 1938. By 1941, Robert Beckman was a corporal in the Cape Town Highlanders, who were beset by Rommel in a battle that raged back and forth across North Africa. He was killed in action, felled by a German bullet which penetrated his chest.

Bertha Strydom, the daughter of a Dutch parson who had immigrated to Cape Town, South Africa, had not always been able to see the future. She had been a normal child, had led a normal adolescence, and was maturing into a fine young woman when, in 1920 at the age of 22, she was stricken by meningitis.

Even though her parents had moved her to a hospital as quickly as possible, no hope was hold for her survival. For six days her condition remained exactly at the very critical stage.

Then, one morning, she surprised the nurse who came to look in on her by telling the woman that she herself was sick. "You will die if you don't get help," Bertha declared.

"You're the one who's sick in this room," the nurse said pleasantly. "Don't worry about me—worry about yourself. I'm all right."

The nurse, whose name was Sister Veronica Ferris, marveled that the young woman would have the energy and the interest to warn her, even if the warning did appear to be nonsense.

"Please, sister, you will die if you don't get help."

The nurse walked toward the door.

"You will die," Bertha Strydom called after her.

That night, against all odds, Bertha Strydom successfully passed the crisis and began to recover.

That same night, Sister Ferris complained of a headache. She went to bed with a fever that soon soared to 103°. Two days later, the good nurse was dead from an attack of pneumonia.

The illness which Bertha Strydom had suffered was not without its aftereffects. Bertha was crippled from the time that she left the hospital. But she resigned herself to the fact and was soon learning to walk with crutches. Another aftereffect, which no one had foreseen, was the ability to foretell the future.

Even though Bertha was able to predict pleasant occasions, most often she saw the horrible and the tragic in the future. Even though she had not known a maid hired while Bertha had been confined to the hospital—she was shocked when the woman brushed against her. She was immediately aware of something terrible in the future of this woman. In Bertha's instantaneous vision, a dead girl lay on the ground beside a country lane, and a short, dark man was mounting the thirteen steps to a waiting noose.

Not wanting to trouble the maid, a Mrs. Munnik, Bertha confided in her mother. Mrs. Strydom could not imagine what the scene had to do with her newly acquired maid.

Six years later, in December 1931, a brutal murder was committed in which a young girl was shot through the head and left lying among some bushes near a country lane. The murderer was apprehended and hanged. He had been Mrs. Munnik's husband.

The awesome power became a millstone which hung around Bertha's neck. Her diary records the frustration she felt as she tried to withdraw from people to avoid seeing their futures. But everywhere she moved she found that her fame had preceded her. During the Second World War, she was constantly beset by anxious mothers and wives until she could she could no longer stand the burden.

The last entry in her diary read, "I cannot go on. It is impossible."

The next day, a woman who had been inquiring about the health of her son found Bertha dead from an overdose of sleeping tablets, released forever from the power that had become a curse.

THE DIARY'S BLANK PAGE FORETOLD DEATH

Andrew Verdie, a noted English publisher, was killed on May 10, 1941, when London's famous Alexandra Hotel was hit by bombs in one of the heaviest air raids the city had yet experienced in World War II.

Some weeks later, while going though his father's personal effects, James Verdie ran across his father's diary. Flipping idly through the book, James was suddenly chilled to discover that the page for May 10th was completely blank. Not only had his father made no entry for the day, but there was no print of any kind on the page. The date itself was not even there.

The diary was a trade product of their own publishing company, and Verdie ordered an examination of every available copy. All copies in the warehouse were complete and correct. The copies in the hands of booksellers were not defective in any way. There had been no complaints from purchasers of the diary.

It appeared that only Andrew Verdie's copy of the diary had contained a blank page for May 10th—the date of his death.

THE AUTHOR WHO WROTE HIS OWN OBITUARY

For years German novelist ~~Alfred~~ Neumann had wanted to begin a fictionalized autobiography. Now, in August 1950 in Hollywood, California, he and his wife, Kitty, had taken a new apartment overlooking Sunset Boulevard, and Neumann was eager to get at the project. The apartment was large enough so that he could work undisturbed by his exuberant wife. Neumann even resolved to dispense with his habit of reading the script chapter by chapter aloud for Kitty's comments. He would work secretly at the novel and surprise her with the result when it was completed.

Neumann never finished the autobiographical work. He had completed the first 135 pages when, on December 2, 1950, he was seized with the first symptoms of angina pectoris. He was placed on a strict diet in order to reduce blood pressure and decrease the strain on the heart.

By February 1951, he felt well enough to travel to Europe. His publisher had suggested that he begin work on a play, and a motion picture company wanted to discuss the filming of one of his novels. It would be good to get back to Germany, and they would have an opportunity to spend their European royalties, which could not be sent to the United States.

Neumann began work on the new play with great vigor and enthusiasm. The autobiographical novel had been set aside for the present, but from time to time, Neumann would take it out and outline ideas for new scenes.

While they were in Munich, he suggested to Kitty that they visit a famous local cemetery.

"I am going to describe the funeral of a writer which takes place in Waldfriedhof," he told his wife, "and I want to be certain of my details."

As they drove through the cemetery, Neumann took notes on small scraps of paper and tucked them away in his coat pockets. Satisfied with their brief tour, Neumann and his wife returned to the hotel where he placed the notes in the folder with the unfinished manuscript and once again set it aside.

By May 1952, Alfred Neumann was a broken man. The old symptoms had returned, and he had been forced to spend two months in a sanitarium. Upon his release, Kitty suggested that they try the climate of Switzerland.

One day in September, as the Neumanns walked slowly through the town of Lugano, Alfred stopped and pointed to an urn in a shop window.

"Kitty," he sighed, "you'll have to buy that for me very soon."

Less than a month later, on October 2, 1952, Neumann's prediction came true. The author died in a sanitarium above Lugano, and his ashes were placed in the very urn he had pointed out.

In November, Alfred's ashes were brought back to Munich. Arrangements were made for the burial of the urn at Waldfriedhof on Thursday, November 20 at 11 A.M.

It was not until January 1953 that Kitty found Alfred's last manuscript. She was puzzled by her discovery, because Alfred had always made a point of reading his novels to her, chapter by chapter, for her response and criticisms.

The first chapter was entitled "The Funeral." After a few pages, Kitty was able to determine that Alfred's plan had been to begin with the writer's funeral and to tell the story in flashbacks. She skimmed a few more pages and recognized herself, her famous publisher father, and several other real-life characters. By now it was obvious to Kitty that her husband had begun that autobiographical novel of which he had spoken so often.

Then, after she had read a bit more, Kitty emitted a scream which brought her secretary running. In her secretary's presence she once again read her husband's words: " '. . . And by the way, Father, there is the funeral at 11:00 at Waldfriedhof.' Now he looked very pained and distressed, almost like somebody who is near death, with a face made out of chalk, but already like crumbs. He said, 'This man does this to me, too! Really it is too much.'

"These were senseless and cruel words against death in general which took away so many lives in the last two years, and against the dead man especially, who was about to be buried, because this fellow was the most honored author of the publishing firm . . .

" 'You can be back shortly after one o'clock,' consoled Christa. She made a little pause and added casually, 'Today is November 20.' "

Two years before his death, while well and happy in a sunny apartment in Hollywood, California, Alfred Neumann had predicted the time and place of his own funeral at Waldfriedhof cemetery, Munich, on November 20, 1952 at 11:00 A.M.

PROPHECY AND THE PRESIDENCY

It is not surprising that the highest office in the United States should have been involved in many prophetic visions and dreams.

Anthony Sherman, a close friend of George Washington, related a story of the first President's prophetic vision, which did not find its way into print until the December 1880 issue of the *National Tribune.*

According to Sherman, George Washington had been seated in his study when he perceived a mysterious visitor standing in one corner. "Son of the Republic," a voice bade him, "look and learn."

A rising, curling vapor filled the President's study, and he watched a dark, shadowy angel give three loud blasts on a trumpet. The vapor glowed with surging life as it formed a representation of the globe. The angel dipped water from the ocean onto Europe, Asia and Africa, and Washington was horrified to see thick black clouds arise from each continent. The odious clouds then merged into one dark mass which began to move toward America. Within the black cloud, Washington could see hordes of armed men. Dimly, he saw the armies land and begin to devastate cities, which only moments before had sprung up.

His ears rang with the roar of cannon and the shouts and cries of millions who had become locked in mortal combat. Above the sounds of strife, the mysterious voice admonished him again to "Look and learn."

Once more the shadowy angel dipped water from the ocean, sprinkled it upon America, and the invading armies were swept away.

Washington told his friend that he again beheld ". . . the villages, towns, and cities springing up where I had seen them before. While the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought into the midst of them, cried in a loud voice: 'While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Union last.' "

The vivid scene faded. Washington was once again aware of the mysterious figure in the shadows of his study. "Son of the Republic," the figure began, "what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three great perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful for her is the third. But the whole world united shall not prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and his Union."

Then, Washington told Sherman, ". . . with these words, the vision vanished, and I started from my seat and felt that I had seen a vision, wherein had been shown me the birth, progress, and destiny of the United States."

February 28, 1844, was to mark an event of great importance during President John Tyler's term of office. Leading social figures, diplomats, Congressmen and military personnel had been invited by Captain Robert F. Stockton to come aboard the *U.S.S. Princeton* and witness a demonstration of two massive guns, the "Peacemaker" and the "Oregon."

On the evening of February 27th, however, two ladies had a dream.

Julia Gardiner, daughter of Colonel David Gardiner, dreamed that she stood on the deck of the *Princeton* and watched in horror as two white horses galloped towards her across the sky. Mounted on the horses were two skeletons. As they rushed past the ship, one turned his head toward her. The grinning skull had been replaced by the visage of her father.

Julia (who later married President Tyler), begged her father not to attend the demonstration. "The dream was meant as a warning!" she insisted.

Colonel Gardiner scoffed. "I won't give up a President's reception because my foolish daughter had a nightmare," he told her.

Anne Gilmer, wife of the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy, had a similar dream. She was still begging her husband to leave the *Princeton*, even after they had boarded the ship.

Secretary Gilmer was embarrassed by his wife's behavior. "How would it look if the Secretary of the Navy refused to attend the demonstration of two new naval guns?" he scolded her sharply.

"But everything was so real, so vivid," Anne Gilmer protested.

"If I am to cancel my obligations every time my wife has a bad dream, I shall set a record for brevity of term as Secretary of the Navy," Thomas Gilmer said brusquely. "Now let's not hear any more about leaving this ship!"

Julia Gardiner was below deck when the explosion occurred. When she rushed up the companionway, she was told that her father and Thomas Gilmer had been crushed by a 2000-pound chunk of the "Peacemaker." The great gun had exploded while being test-fired at sea.

Anne Gilmer, miraculously, had been unharmed as the massive metal fragment struck her husband. All the way back on the sad return voyage, she repeated over and over again: "Why would he not listen to me?"

Julia Gardiner screamed, "My dream . . . it has come true!" Then she fainted.

Mary Anne Booth was a practical woman in a family of wild dreamers. A stage mother, wife of the gifted actor Junius Brutus Booth, Mary Ann bore nine children and never once gave the slightest evidence of that strain of melancholy which afflicted other members of the Booth family.

In what she later described as a "ghostly night" in 1838, however, she experienced a most unusual and eerie phenomenon as she dozed beside the cradle of her infant son, John Wilkes. With a sudden feeling of apprehension, she became attracted to one of his hands. As she watched the infant hand, it suddenly seemed to grow to gigantic size and become the paw of a monster.

Mary Anne Booth often referred to her "weird" dream, and later her daughter Asia Booth fashioned the incident into poetry. Written when the sensitive girl was a teenager, "A Mother's Vision" opens with the stanza: "Tiny, innocent baby hand, what force, what power is at your command, for good or evil?"

Mary Ann Booth did live to see what that baby hand was capable of doing, and so did John Wilkes Booth's sister Asia.

While a student in the Quaker School at Cockeysville, Maryland, John Wilkes and some of his chums paid a visit to a gypsy camp. Afterwards John Wilkes laughingly told Asia what an old gypsy had prophesied for him.

"Oh, you have a bad hand," the old fortune teller had said. "It is full of trouble and sorrow. You'll die young and you'll make a bad end. Young sir, I have never seen a worse hand. You'd best try to escape by turning missionary or priest."

Asia Booth wrote this strange prophecy, too, down on paper. The two prophecies of a "bad hand" added another element of mystery to the strange, tortured life of the man who assassinated President Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln himself had many precognitive dreams throughout his life and during his tenure in the White House.

Typical is the famous dream he related to his cabinet just a week before his assassination.

In his dream, he had been walking through the White House grounds and had been astonished to see hundreds of people in mourning.

"What has made all these people so sad?" he inquired of a young guard at the gate.

The young trooper looked at him incredulously. "Don't you know, sir? The President has been assassinated!"

According to legend, the Seminole Indians placed a "Presidential Jinx" on the White House.

In retaliation for atrocities suffered at the hands of Andrew Jackson, the Seminole medicine men decreed that each president elected in a year ending with "0" would either die in office or be assassinated. The records show that, since 1840, such has been the case.

In 1840, John Tyler became the first vice-president to succeed to the position of Chief Executive. William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, had served only one month when he caught penumonia and died.

In 1860, Abraham Lincoln was elected to his first term. John Wilkes Booth fulfilled his own fate as well when he pulled the trigger of his derringer on that April night in 1865.

In 1880, James A. Garfield was elected. He had served only a short time when Charles Jules Guiteau, a disgruntled officeseeker, assassinated him.

In 1900, President William McKinley defeated William Jennings Bryan to win re-election. A year later, he fell victim to Leon Czolgosz's hidden revolver.

Warren Gamaliel Harding took office in 1920 and passed away in 1923.

In 1940, Franklin Delano Roosevelt won a third term. He died in 1945, during his fourth term of office.

In 1960, John F. Kennedy was elected by the narrowest of margins. On November 22, 1963, a rifle bullet snuffed out his life as he rode in an open car in Dallas.

How long will the "jinx" maintain its shadow over the White House? Has the Indian curse remained effective for over 100 years, or is the jinx, as astrologers claim, due to a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn? Or is the jinx simply a strange manifestation of chance?

Whenever a calamity occurs, a number of psychic foreshadowings are reported. Researchers usually find that most of these "premonitions" have been manufactured afterwards or are highly colored by data learned after details of the catastrophe have been made public. There usually remain, however, a hard core of precognitive experiences which were either uttered in the presence of others or were published prior to the disastrous event.

In October 1963, Jeane Dixon flatly predicted the President's death in office, and her biographer records that the famous "Capital Seer" made several attempts to warn him.

Billy Graham, the well-known evangelist, tried to reach the President by phone before he left for Dallas. "I had the strongest premonition that he should not go to Texas," the evangelist later told newsmen.

Gilbert Holloway, a noted lecturer in metaphysics, wrote the President and urged him not to leave for Dallas.

Months before the fatal Friday, Mrs. Helen Greenwood of Los Angeles had a dramatic precognitive dream of the assassination. Finding herself in Dallas, she heard the throngs cheering and saw the Kennedys waving from their open car. As the smiling President drew nearer, the clairvoyant became aware of a rifle being aimed at him from a window high across the street. Shots rang out and the President clutched at his throat.

Mrs. Greenwood was treated patronizingly when she tried to inform the FBI. Only one secretary at the Los Angeles office of California Governor Edmund Brown would even listen to her, and no official action was forthcoming.

In a desperate attempt to be heard and heeded, Mrs. Greenwood managed to convince the Rev. Maurice Dawkins of the Independent Church of Christ, who was a delegate from Los Angeles to the White House conference of religious leaders, that she was sincere and that she considered the dream to constitute a warning.

Reverend Dawkin's letter to Mrs. Greenwood was later quoted in the *National Examiner*:

"I recall so clearly your warning to me and your urging me to deliver a message to the White House to the President or to his brother . . . that the Kennedys must not be permitted to go South.

"On May 18th, . . . I spoke to Pierre Salinger and delivered your message of warning. At the White House Conference of religious leaders in June, I spoke of it again to the President and his brother in general terms . . ."

Many comments which President Kennedy himself made now seem to have been precognitive.

On March 3, 1963, while touring Arlington National Cemetery, President Kennedy remarked: "The view up here is so beautiful. I could stay here forever."

Leaving church just a few months before the assassination, he remarked to newsmen and Secret Service men: "I wonder if they'll shoot me in the church?"

Then, seeing the startled reactions Kennedy tried to make a joke of it. "Well, if they do," he chuckled, "They'll probably get one of you fellows first!"

Pierre Salinger, former press secretary to President Kennedy, made public a statement that seems particularly premonitive.

"Somehow, I wish I didn't have to go to Dallas," the President sighed wearily. "I guess it is because there is so much to be done there."

Did President Kennedy have a precognition concerning that Texas city? He did not express a reluctance to appear in any other city. Did President Kennedy have a premonition that he would add another tragic page to the history of prophecy and the presidency?

PREDICTION OF TERROR FROM THE SKIES

The 10-year-old boy sat across from the fortuneteller and listened wide-eyed as he heard of an ominous "thing" which would one day seek him out.

"It will come through the air," the clairvoyant's voice droned on in sepulchral tones. "It will come from the south during a great war—not the war that is about to begin, but a later and even more destructive war. This thing will have been made in the East at a place called something like 'Peenee.' I can say no more. The event is too far ahead in time."

Young Fred K. J. Humphreys came home from the clairvoyant's parlor, pale and shaken, to receive a violent tongue lashing from his father for wasting his allowance on "prattle fit only for old maids." In 1914, according to his father, bright young boys in Sussex, England, simply should not have time for such absurdities as fortunetellers.

The frightening prediction haunted Fred Humphreys until that Sunday morning in 1944 when he saw the German buzz bomb coming towards him. The rocket landed near him and he was severely injured.

"It looked just like the clairvoyant said it would 30 years before," Humphreys wrote in a letter to the London *Sunday Express* for May 30, 1965. "And no doubt it had been made at the German rocket research and manufacturing center of *Peenemunde*."

THE WOMAN WHO READ NEXT WEEK'S NEWSPAPER

"I see your daughter Barbara is getting married," the bank teller said as she looked over the checks C. A. Fleischer was to deposit. Helen Westmoreland, 29-year-old teller in the Atlantic National Bank of West Palm Beach, Florida, usually tried to make conversation with customers, and she was taken aback by the surprised look the man flashed at her.

"Yes, she is. But how did you know?"

"I saw it in the *Post-Times* Sunday," Mrs. Westmoreland told him.

"But you couldn't have," Mr. Fleischer protested. "It won't be announced until May 23rd." The calendar in back of the teller's window showed a staunch "May 13."

Mrs. Westmoreland and Fleischer continued the conversation in an attempt to determine just how the information about his daughter's engagement could have been learned by the bank teller. As much as Fleischer insisted that the news story had not yet been printed, and that, in fact, his daughter had not yet received the proofs from the photographer, Mrs. Westmoreland could not be convinced that she had not read about it the Sunday before.

In most investigations of prophetic occurrences it is important that the precognitive utterance be written down, witnessed and published before it happens.

Ironically, in this case the prediction itself was about a newspaper story which would not be published for over a week.

For the first time in five years, Fleicher's daughter, Barbara, had accompanied him to the bank. She was at another window picking up some travelers' checks.

"Is this the girl whose picture you saw?" Fleischer asked Mrs. Westmoreland as his daughter joined them.

Even though Mrs. Westmoreland had never seen Barbara Fleischer before, she answered immediately, "Yes, except that in the photo her hair was down around her shoulders with the ends turned up."

The more they discussed it, the more intriguing it became. Mrs. Westmoreland was not acquainted with any member of the family other than Fleischer himself. She knew nothing more about him except his name and occupation. She had not even known that he was married until the story about the engagement.

The incident was not forgotten by either Mrs. Westmoreland or the Fleischers. Mrs. Fleischer paged through the May 9th issue of the West Palm Beach *Post-Times* trying to find any story of the engagement that might have slipped into print without their knowledge. There was none. And in the announcements that did appear, there was no one who even resembled Barbara or had a hairdo like hers.

The Westmorelands checked through the same paper with similar results. Helen Westmoreland was still convinced she had not only seen the picture but read the story that went with it. She even described the layout: the page was topped by a double row of pictures of brides-to-be, and Barbara's picture was just to the right of center in the second row. The story had begun near the bottom of the page.

Two days after the bank incident, Barbara Fleischer received the proofs from the photographer, and she and her mother picked out the one which they wished to appear in the newspaper. The engagement story form was filled out, and Mrs. Fleischer delivered the story and picture to the *Post-Times*. The story was processed and scheduled for appearance on Sunday, May 23, 1965.

That Sunday, Jack Westmoreland was up early to greet the delivery boy. Before his wife had seen the paper, he opened to the proper page and put opaque sheets of paper over each picture. Then he asked his wife to pick out the one which she had seen before as Barbara Fleischer. Without hesitation, Helen Westmoreland picked out the proper picture. Not only was the picture in the place she had predicted, the story began to the left of center near the bottom of the page.

When the story was related to the *Post-Times* office, a thorough check of the layout procedure showed nothing irregular. None of the employes knew either the Westmorelands or the Fleischers. They claimed to have no special reason for putting Barbara's picture in the second row.

A thorough investigation showed no connection between the story, which had not even been written when Mrs. Westmoreland first spoke of it, and the bank teller. The mystery of Helen Westmoreland's sudden power of prophecy is indeed an intriguing one.

NOSTRADAMUS, SEER EXTRAORDINARY

On December 14, 1503, Michel de Nostredame began a life that was destined to be filled with political intrigues, Renaissance rationalism, and mysticism. Born in Saint-Remy in Provence, France, Nostradamus came from a long line of Jewish ancestors who had first come to Europe during the Dispersion.

Sometime before his birth Nostradamus' parents had ostensibly become Catholics, because of a Papal edict decreeing disfavor to all those who were not of the Christian faith. By his time, the religious practice of the family had become a curious blend of Catholic and Jewish customs. In addition, there was a strong current of mysticism in the family. Young Michel's grandfather was considered one of the most influential astrologists on the entire continent.

When he was old enough, Nostradamus was sent off to study liberal arts at Avignon. His great interest was in studying the stars, and this prompted his practical-minded father to reconsider the choice of vocation he had made for his son. The next time Nostradamus was sent to school it was to Paris, and there he studied to become a man of medicine. After almost four years of intensive study, Nostradamus passed his examinations and was allowed to establish practice. His plans to continue study for the doctorate were disrupted when the plague struck Southern France.

Nostradamus is said to have been very successful in his treatment of the Black Death, even though some of his fellow doctors complained that his methods were unorthodox. Later he returned to the University and there earned his doctorate. He accepted a position at the university and also found a wife.

His methods and unquenchable desire to travel made him unhappy in this setting, but his deep affection for his family enabled him to achieve some satisfaction. After his wife had borne him two children, another outbreak of the plague swept his family away. Griefstricken, Nostradamus abandoned his practice and set about wandering across Europe. It was during this period that he first began to cultivate his prophetic powers.

As he wandered, he made predictions which made him famous. While traveling in Italy, Nostradamus saw a young Franciscan monk coming toward him. He was an ex-swineherd named Felice Peretti from Ancona. The prophet bent one knee to the ground devoutly. Afterwards, Nostradamus' traveling companions questioned him about his strange behavior.

"I must submit myself and bend a knee before His Holiness," was the prophet's reply. In 1585, Cardinal Peretti became Pope Sixtus V.

Everywhere the seer went he was in great demand. Once, visiting a noble family in France, he spotted two pigs running together side by side. Nostradamus told his host: "We will eat the black one, and the wolf will eat the white one."

The host decided on a plot to foil the prophet. He ordered the cook to slaughter the white pig and serve it for supper. The cook did as he was ordered. But while he had his back to the spitted carcass, a wolf cub that the family had been attempting to domesticate stole up to it and began making a meal of the freshly killed animal. Eventually the cook chased the cub away, but he knew that he could not put an apple in a mutilated pig's mouth and drop it on the master's table. So the cook had the other pig, the black one, butchered and prepared for the master's table that evening.

"You see," the noble Frenchman said to his guest, "we are eating the white pig and not the black one."

"I don't believe it," Nostradamus said as respectfully as possible.

"Ask the cook," the man said quickly. The cook was summoned, and the entire story was brought to light, showing the exact fulfillment of Nostradamus' prediction.

Later in his life, the great prophet was summoned to give a reading for Catherine de Medici, the queen mother and controller of France. She was concerned for her children, and no prophet in his right mind would have told her what was to happen to them even if he could have envisioned it. Catherine's children were all destined to die young as the result of political intrigues.

Perhaps because of the nature of the inspiration Nostradamus received, but more likely because of public response, the prophet began to hide his predictions in obscure poetic language. It would have been sheer folly to tell the ruthless Catherine de Medici that all her children were destined for miserable deaths. His only recourse was to disguise the ugly truth in poetry and preserve his own skin.

In his astrological studies, which he turned to late in his career, Nostradamus, who believed he was guided in his prophecies by the angel Anael, also resorted to poetic quatrains. A number of prophecies contained in these quatrains have already been fulfilled. He also made predictions which are slated to occur in our own time or in the future.

In a quatrain which many feel refers to World War III, Nostradamus writes that "The Oriental will leave his place . . . And everyone shall be struck with his rod."

A last great battle, in which the "barbarian empire" shall be defeated, is determined by some interpreters of Nostradamus as being predicted for the year 2332. In this last battle of Armageddon, a young German leader will force the warring nations to lay down their arms and observe a lasting world peace. Nostradamus and a host of other prophets have designated Palestine as the site for this last desperate warfare.

Nostradamus also foresaw the downfall of Communism in a quatrain: "The law of More (a widely read treatise on communal living in Nostradamus' time) will be seen to decline . . ." because of "another much more attractive doctrine."

Another interesting prophecy has to do with a masculine woman, who, at the time of the double eclipse in July and August 1999, will rise to power in Russia.

According to some interpreters, Nostradamus forsees the decline of the Papacy in the year 2000. A quatrain tells of the next-to-last Pope declaring Monday as his day of rest and "wandering far because of a frantic need to deliver his people from economic pressures."

Sobering indeed is the seer's prediction of a great universal famine, which shall last ". . . so long that people shall pull up roots from the trees, and child from the bosom."

Perhaps Nostradamus' most unusual prediction was fulfilled in June 1566. That month, although the prophet had not suffered an unhealthy day in his life, he died, after a short illness. Nostradamus had informed the physician previously that he would die on June 25, and he upheld his reputation as a prophet by doing so.

THE SILVER DOLLAR THAT PROPHESIED DEATH

Coin collectors still seek the defaced 1867 Maximilian dollar on their trips to Mexico, and recent estimates of its value run as high as $100,000. There were only 36 specimens minted, which greatly increases the odds of ever finding one, and many collectors fear that those not already acquired have been destroyed by superstitious Mexicans who know its history.

The die for the coin featured the full face of the emperor who had been placed on the throne of Mexico by Napoleon III. When the mint made the initial impression, the first coin displayed a gash on the emperor's forehead.

The die was inspected and no defect could be located which would account for the imperfection. In spite of continued inspection, each successive coin showed the gash to be deeper. By the time the thirty-sixth coin had been minted, the image of the emperor was so badly mangled that the operator ordered the coinage to cease.

When the American operator of the mint asked his workers to gather up the coins, he was baffled and angry when several of the men refused even to touch the silver dollars.

"The men think that it is a bad omen," one of the group explained to the operator. "They know that his excellency approaches his thirty-sixth birthday.

Thirty-six years and 36 coins, each with a gash on the emperor's forehead. They believe that Maximilian will meet a tragic death very soon."

The strange wound on the coin proved prophetic. At the age of 36, Maximilian was placed before a firing squad. As the command was given to fire, one bullet gashed the young monarch's forehead in the precise manner which the coin had previewed.

MADAM SYLVIA AND THE PROPHETIC PORTRAIT

There had actually been no reason to heed the girl's wishes and go into the back room of the antique dealers's shop, but Baron Lazzarini was easily swayed by his little daughter's determination.

"But there is nothing there," the antique dealer told her.

"There is something of great value," the little girl insisted.

"All right, there are some things there. But they are all worthless items of junk—not even worth displaying," the shopowner said impatiently.

Baron Lazzarini looked from one face to the other. His daughter was usually very well mannered and seldom asked to do anything out of the ordinary. But the antique dealer obviously knew what was in his own shop.

"Can you convince her?" the man finally appealed to the Baron.

The nobleman looked down at his daughter. Her eyes did not stray from the door behind the counter. "What is it, Sylvia?"

"Something of value." Her voice was filled with assurance.

"Can we look?" Baron Lazzarini asked the antique dealer.

The man shrugged his shoulders. He was weary of

arguing. "Be my guests," he finally conceded. "But you are wasting your time."

Baron Lazzarini and his daughter entered the musty storage room. They moved across the dusty floor toward a darkened corner. There, Sylvia pointed to a long, tube-shaped container. The Baron picked it up and pulled off the dusty cap. Inside was a rolled canvas. Upon closer examination, it turned out to be a portrait of an elderly man from the Titian period. The Baron bought the portrait, mostly to appease his daughter, then hung it in an of the out-of-the-way place in his home in Vienna.

The incident might have been forgotten had not the portrait itself forced its attention on the family. It seemed to turn a cloudy or milky color each time a tragedy was about to occur in the family. It happened, for example, a few days before Sylvia's brother was killed, during the opening days of World War I.

Investigators of this strange case of precognition by an inanimate canvas theorized that the real power came from Sylvia herself. Even as a little girl she astounded her friends and relatives with her ability to visualize accurately scenes that were yet to happen.

When she grew up, Sylvia Lazzarini married an Austrian statesman, Count Beck. Her popularity in Viennese social circles grew until she was known simply as Madame Sylvia.

While attending a tea in Vienna in 1912, Madame Sylvia was struck by a prophetic vision. She announced to several ladies present that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife would die. "We must be kind to them," she urged. "In two years they are fated to die from the same bullet."

On June 29, 1914, while Franz Ferdinand and his wife were being received in Sarajevo, Serbia, an assassin shot and killed the Archduke. After ripping through the Austrian's body, the bullet retained enough force to kill his wife, who had been riding beside him. Madame Sylvia had been exactly correct in predicting the spark which would touch off World War I.

After the war, the fortunes of most European nobility declined. Europe itself was trying desperately to recover from a postwar depression. Madame Sylvia, unable to support herself in any other way, set herself up as a professional medium and spiritualist. A tradition began to grow up around her ability to foresee the future. It became a yearly occasion to listen to Madame Sylvia's prophecies for the following year.

Her procedure was to stare at a swinging piece of crystal until she fell into a light trance. What she said in this state was then written down by those who had gathered around her. In 1931, she predicted, in rather dreamlike imagery, the rise of "the man of the 'double Z,'" saying he would extend his power over Russia and that Germany would be set against Europe. This prediction was not exclusively limited to the year 1932, for Hitler was the man of the two "Z's"—the swastika.

Even earlier, on December 26, 1929, in a seance, she had foreseen more clearly the rise of the tyrant. "A very great man appears on the horizon. I see a 'Z' around him. He will be a remarkable phenomenon. Like Napoleon, he will be a man destined to transform the entire history of Europe."

THE PROPHETIC VISION THAT HALTED ROBERT E. LEE

General George B. McClellan slumped wearily over his desk. Before him lay campaign maps, battle reports and a large scale map on which all the known Confederate positions had been marked.

It was September 1862, and the green Yankee troops had been shattered in battle after battle by the sharpshooting, determined Johnny Rebs. President Lincoln had called on McClellan to take charge of the chaos. He had appointed him to whip the troops into shape and to rally against the Rebel-yelling, bullseye shooting boys in gray. Well, the general yawned, if he did not catch a little sleep, he would not be able to direct a wrestling match, let alone a war. McClellan's eyelids drooped, and soon he had slumped forward on his desk.

His slumber did not last long. A booming voice suddenly filled his campaign tent.

"General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse yourself, or before you can prevent it, the foe will be in Washington!"

Wondering if some bold messenger had arrived with news of impending Confederate attack, McClellan snapped to groggy attention. His eyes opened wide when he beheld the luminous countenance of George Washington.

As General McClellan later told the story for the

Portland, Maine, *Evening Courier*, Washington wasted no time in delivering his message: ". . . had God not willed it otherwise, 'ere the sun of tomorrow had set, the Confederate flag would have waved above the Capitol and your own grave! Note what you see. Your time to act is short!"

At a gesture from Washington, McClellan seemed to be envisioning a living map of all the Confederate troop positions. He grabbed a quill from his desk and began to jot down all that he could see. Then, as if they were performing in a pageant, he saw the Confederate troops advancing toward Washington, D.C.

"The Rebs are on their way to try and take the capital!" McClellan growled. "Why, if they took Washington, they'd break the spirit of the entire Union!"

At once the strange, living tableau changed, and McClellan saw Confederate manuevers of the future. Again, his pen furiously marked positions on campaign maps. "We must act at once!" he told the specter of George Washington.

"The warning has come in time, General McClellan," Washington said softly. "Before I go, I wish to tell you of the days ahead and of other perils which shall befall our nation in the 20th century."

Washington described the Civil War as America's "passing from childhood to open maturity," and that now she must learn "that important lesson—self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization."

The shade of the first President of the United States then told the Union general that America shall be saved in that century, but the great test was yet to come.

". . . her mission will not be finished, for 'ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themselves together and raise up their hands against her.

"But if she be found worthy of her calling, they shall be truly discomfited, and then will be ended her third and last struggle for existence."

With those words, the image of George Washington began to fade and McClellan once again found himself alone in his tent. At first he thought the experience had been merely a vivid bit of dreaming on his part, but then he saw the markings and the symbols of Confederate manuevers on his campaign maps.

The general paused for just a moment. Could he actually act upon advice given to him in a dream? Were the Confederate troops really advancing toward Washington?

With a purposeful blow of his open palm on the desk top, McClellan decided to act. Men had been guided by dreams since the days of the Old Testament prophets. He would give the orders to move out at once.

Because of the knowledge which McClellan had gained in this unusual precognitive experience, the Union troops were able to halt the Confederate invasion of Washington at Antietam and to pursue General Robert E. Lee by "anticipating" several of his subsequent manuevers.

General McClellan later wrote of his vision in these words: "Our beloved, glorious Washington shall rest . . . until perhaps the end of the Prophetic Century approaches that is to bring the Republic to a third and final struggle, when he may once more become a Messenger of Succor and Peace from the Great Ruler, who has all nations in his keeping."

PADRE PIO'S POWER OF PROPHECY

Padre Pio was long known as one of the world's few living stigmatists. Recently, a number of stories of the monk's precognitive abilities have come to light.

A member of the Capuchin monastery of San Giovanni Rotundo in Italy, Padre Pio was sought out by a young soldier in the autumn of 1940. The young Italian wanted to know if his home city of Genoa would be bombed while he was away fighting. Padre Pio nodded his head somberly and informed the soldier that Genoa would suffer fierce bombing attacks. Then, to bolster the man's spirits, Padre Pio added that he need not worry because his home would not be touched. The monk's prophecy was later proved accurate.

Soon after Italy announced its declaration of war, Padre Pio told an audience that Italy would be the first country to desire an armistice. He predicted that the chaos to which their country would be subjected after Mussolini's death would be harder on the nation than the war.

Earlier, in January 1936, Padre Pio had suddenly interrupted his conversation with a request that all those present kneel down and pray for a soul that would be leaving the earth that night.

"Who shall this soul be?" he was asked.

"The King of England," Padre Pio replied.

"But the newspapers say that he suffers only from a mild attack of influenza," one of the group protested.

The news of the death of King George was carried in the afternoon papers just as Padre Pio had foreseen.

THE PROPHETIC POWER OF DREAMS

Since the most ancient times, scribes have recorded incredible tales of people who have had precognitive dreams—dreams that accurately foretold future events, triumphs, dangers, or deaths.

Many researchers have concluded that somehow, in a way that we do not as yet understand, man may be aware of the future at an unconscious level of mind. This foreknowledge usually lies imprisoned in a subconscious level, out of the reach of conscious mind. In dramatic dreams, however, bits and snatches of scenes from the future may occasionally bubble up into the conscious memory.

On the night of March 8, 1946 John Godley, a university student who was later to inherit the title of Lord Kilbracken, had a dream. In it he was reading a newspaper. The noteworthy aspect was that the newspaper had been the one for the *next* evening.

When he awoke, Godley remembered scanning the results of the horseraces and reading the names of two winners. As a matter of curiosity, he picked up the morning papers and turned to the race entries for the day, looking for the names Bindal and Juladin. His eyes followed the column down, then stopped short and retreated two spaces as he came across the name Bindal. He underlined the entry. Further down the page he found Juladin.

Since he had not known that the two horses had even existed before he had read the paper, Godley decided that such a coincidence merited a wager. Some of his fellow university students also were interested enough to place wagers.

Both horses won. Godley's friends had little reluctance in pocketing the money, although they could not help being a little surprised. Since Godley himself had bet not only on each horse but also on the parlay, his winnings amounted to 34 pounds sterling. [$95.]

The prophetic dream had come without forewarning, and the surprising result prompted Godley to put a pencil and pad next to his bed in case of a repetition.

He waited for more than two weeks, but his dreams no longer predicted the future. Shrugging off the previous event as sheer coincidence, Godley quit trying to manufacture prophetic dreams and began trying to get some sound sleep.

Then, on April 4, 1946, he had another dream about the horseraces.

He awoke the following morning remembering that a horse named Tubermore had won a race. Godley's excitement faded when he read through the morning entries and found no such horse listed. There was a horse named Tuberose, and Godley reluctantly decided that the name was close enough. He talked to his brother and sister about his dream, and they had faith enough in his intuition to bet on Tuberose, also. Together, they made 62 pounds on the bets which they had placed.

Godley's next precognitive dream came almost four months later. Once again when he scanned the entries for the upcoming races, he did not find the horse he sought. The name in his dream was Monumentor, and the horse paid at the odds of 5 to 4. Godley went out on a limb, bet on a horse called Mentores, at odds of 6 to 4. Once again he won.

Assuming that he would eventually have another prophetic dream, Godley made a plan. The next time he would write a full account of the dream, and have it sealed in an envelope, postmarked, and locked in the post office before the race had even begun.

On June 13, 1947, Godley had his fourth prophetic dream. He dreamed a horse named Bogie won. The next day, when he spotted the name Brogue, Godley did not hesitate to pick him as a winner. Then, as planned, he had the account of his dream witnessed, sealed in an envelope, and postmarked.

His next step was to telephone the *London Daily Mirror.* After listening to his account, the editors agreed to buy the story—if the horse won. In true championship form, the jockey brought Brogue home into the winners' circle, and Godley not only collected on the wager but also on the story.

But dreams can be treacherous things. On October 13, 1947 Godley dreamed that a horse named Claro won. As it happened, he had already heard of the horse and had placed a wager on him. After the dream he doubled the amount but the horse lost. After thinking it over, Godley decided that his own concerns and hope may have influenced his dreaming.

Despite the setback, Godley continued to put much stock in his dreams. On January 15, 1949, he placed a bet on a horse called Timocrat. The horse paid at 4 to 1. Then on February 11, 1949, he once again dreamed of two winners. The horses, Pretence and Monk's Mistake, were both listed in the next day's races, and Godley placed heavy bets, hoping to really cash in. Coincidentally, both horses were scratched that day; but when they ran the next, Godley could have collected 1200 pounds sterling if his dream had been correct. But in this case, one horse won and other other lost, and his net gain was only 40 pounds.

Unfortunately for Godley, that was the last of his prophetic dreams. His ability to pick winning horses was gaining attention, and the end of his winning streak was welcomed by the race track officials.

European correspondent Marcel Wallenstein is another of the fortunate persons who have been given an accurate peek at horses that will cross the finishline ahead of their rivals.

In Paris in 1952, the journalist dreamed that he was standing near the finishing post at the Longchamps race course when a horse named Bagheera surged forward from the pack and won the race. Wallenstein awoke with the dream still vivid and was somewhat startled to read in the morning paper that a filly named Bagheera was indeed running that afternoon in the Grand Prix de Paris, the great race of the year.

The correspondent had always considered betting on horses as akin to madness, but a friend insisted that the dream was a prophetic glimpse of the future. Wallenstein was not convinced that the dream had been anything of the sort, and was even more sobered when tipsters at the track appraised Bagheera as a bad bet, since never in the history of the Grand Prix had a filly won.

Nevertheless, Wallenstein placed a modest bet of $3.50. It brought him returns of more than $240 when Bagheera leaped across the finish line, just as she had done in his dream.

On the Fourth of July 1891, Winfield Scott Stratton had a most enviable precognitive dream—a dream that led him to discover the second largest goldfield in the world.

On that most fortunate night, Stratton felt anything but lucky. He was debt-ridden, discouraged, and had exhausted both his energy and his grubstake. As he and his partner spread their blankets under the

Colorado stars, they somberly decided that they had no choice but to head back to Colorado Springs in the morning.

Stratton tossed in his bed roll for what seemed half the night. When at last he fell asleep, he dreamed that he was mining gold in the red rock region of Battle Mountain. The dream was so vivid and lifelike that Stratton awoke his partner before dawn.

"Battle Mountain? Go dig on Battle Mountain?" the man growled sleepily, rubbing the slumber from his eyes with rough fists. "You must be out of your mind. Even a greenhorn knows that you can't find gold in that kind of rock. A geological party explored that area back in 1874 and said there wasn't a sign of anything other than red rock!"

"But I saw us digging it out by the shovelful in my dream," Stratton said enthusiastically.

His partner lay down, pulled a blanket up around his ears. "Then go back to sleep," he told Stratton, "that's the only place you'll ever get rich."

Within moments, and against his better judgment, the partner found himself being dragged toward Battle Mountain. "Can't we even have breakfast first?" he demanded of the determined Stratton.

By the time the sun had come up, both men had staked claims in the red rocks. They had found gold in the topsoil, just where Stratton had foreseen it in his dream. The two men had discovered the second largest gold field in the world—a strike which lay in a peculiar vein structure entirely different from that of other gold mines. The gold strike brought a new prosperity to Colorado and made a wealthy philanthropist out of the debt-ridden and discouraged Winfield Scott Stratton.

Not all precognitive dreams result in such happy endings.

Staring down at the paper which he held in his hands the man saw bright, flaming red ink. The words formed an order for the execution of the woman who had handed the paper to him.

She looked at him with unblinking eyes. She was attractive with petite, childlike features. She seemed quite calm and had even brought the letter to him voluntarily. Her only desire was that he would hold her hand while the execution was taking place. She was willing to die without a struggle if only he would do that.

Without warning it became dark, and he felt her hand as it sought, then gripped his own. Somehow he knew it was actually taking place then. He felt his fingers move to her head and grasp silken strands. The head was loose, severed from the body, and he could feel the warm blood trickling over his free arm.

But the head was still alive! He moved his free hand toward the head, and his fingers became caught in its mouth. The jaw opened and closed, raking the flesh of his fingers, biting again and again, biting harder, harder . . .

Dr. Walter Franklin Prince sat bolt upright in bed. He shook his head, trying to make the darkened room come into focus. The incident had left the Long Island Episcopal minister with a feeling of horror crawling along his spine. The dream-experience had been a kind of surreal representation of an execution.

When his racing mind had quieted slightly, he again lay back on the pillow. But as much as he tried, he could not put the dream out of his mind, and it was only after a long time that he again could go to sleep.

At breakfast the following morning, Dr. Prince related the dream to his wife, and once again to their maid. Later that same morning, November 28, 1917, Dr. Prince told the story a third time to Miss

Gertrude O. Tubby of the American Society for Psychical Research.

Unknown to Dr. Prince, the horror he had dreamed about was soon to occur on a train track near his Long Island home. In the afternoon newspaper of November 29th, Dr. Prince was shocked to read of a woman who had willfully placed her head over one rail of the Long Island tracks and allowed a train to sever her head from her body.

Under the rather gruesome headline, "Demonstrated A Theory," the *Long Island Farmer* described the incident in full detail:

"Mrs. Sarah A. Hand, 30, of Manhattan, had a theory that her body and her head could live independently of each other. Her friends said she was crazy; but she had the courage of her convictions. So late Wednesday night, she went to Hollis and, to prove her contention, lay down on the Long Island Railroad tracks and permitted a train to run over her neck, cutting off her head as cleanly as though the job had been done with an axe. The finding of her head and body and of a letter beside it, revealed the theory and its execution. The letter reads as follows:

" 'Please stop all trains immediately. My head is on the track and will be run over by those steam engines and will prevent me from proving my condition. You see, my body is alive without my head, and my head is alive without my body. It is suffering where it is, and if smashed in small bits will suffer just the same. So please, I beg, stop all trains so my head will be saved from this terrible torture. My head is alive and can see and talk, and I must get it to prove my case to the law. No one believed me when I said I would never die and when my head was chopped off I would still be alive. Everyone laughed and said I was crazy, so now I have proved this terrible life to all . . .'

"Near the body was a butcher's knife and cleaver, bright and new. It is thought Mrs. Hand intended at first to demonstrate her theory with them, but finally decided that a railroad train would sever her head more effectively . . ."

Was it just coincidence that Dr. Prince had this strange dream the night before? At first glance, this might be the conclusion, but parallels between the event and the dream are very striking.

Dr. Prince could not claim that the woman's picture had a photographic resemblance to the face he had seen in the dream, but her general appearance was about the same. Mrs. Hand's hair was golden brown, and the woman in the dream had "light" colored hair. In both instances, the woman had gone to her death voluntarily. In the dream, the head was alive after death, while the woman hoped (as evidenced by her letter) that the head would remain alive after the decapitation. The actual event occurred at 11:15 at night, while the execution in the dream happened in complete darkness.

When all the coincidences are considered, Dr. Prince's macabre dream appears to have been prophetic.

A man known only as Professor Charles was disturbed by the dream he had experienced for the second time.

Professor Charles did not wish to alarm himself about something that had run through his head while sleeping, especially while he was on vacation. He was supposed to rest and enjoy himself while visiting a friend in England. Soon enough it would be time to return to Paris and the University where he taught. Thus, he should have forgotten about the dream. But he could not. His host was a person Professor Charles had known for a long time, and perhaps one reason the dream had lodged so firmly and vividly in his memory was that the man was in the dream.

The dream always followed the same pattern. His host was asleep in a well furnished bedroom. Then the door cracked open, and a man carrying a large knife stole across the room to the bed, where he killed the host with several thrusts of the long-bladed weapon.

Professor Charles could not convince his friend that the dream was some kind of premonition. When the professor insisted that he see the bedroom in which his host slept, he was shocked to find it precisely as he had envisioned it.

Still the friend scoffed. "No one would want to kill me," he protested.

Professor Charles was even more shocked when he saw what appeared to be a live counterpart of the dream murderer. The man worked as a gardener for his host, and Professor Charles immediately alerted his friend that the gardener was the murderer he had seen in the dream.

His host was even more incredulous. "He has been a valuable servant for many years. He's not only loyal, but a hard worker besides."

The host refused to discharge the gardener on the basis of a dream.

The insistence of Professor Charles, however, had left the man a little uneasy; and after the professor had returned to Paris, he learned by letter that the gardener had been discharged.

Later in the same week the professor was shocked to learn that his friend had been murdered in precisely the manner which he had envisioned. After a few days in hiding, the gardener had given himself up to the police and confessed to committing the crime.

The gardener himself could not give much of a reason for his actions. He said that his sudden and unexplained dismissal from a job to which he had been faithful for so many years had brought on extreme despondency, and eventually he was driven to seek revenge on the man who had discharged him.

This strange series of events is an example of a prophetic vision which seems to have been essential to its own fulfillment. It cannot be classified with regular predictions, since those events would have occurred whether they had been envisioned or not. In this case, Professor Charles' dream was one of the elements which caused the gardener to fulfill the prophetic dream. Called "detrimental precognitions" by some investigators, there is more than one example of such an incident.

In February of 1953, Carlie Maples awoke and told his wife that he had a strange feeling of impending disaster. Maples, a farmer living near Cameron, North Carolina, decided that he would not work that day, but would try to avoid any hazardous tasks. Unable to shake the feeling of unease, Maples got on his motorcycle and rode off to visit a friend. He told his wife that he was trying to avoid doing any kind of work that day.

While Carlie Maples was riding the short distance to his friend's house, the motorcycle skidded on wet pavement, and he was thrown from the machine and knocked unconscious. Later he died in Lee County hospital at Sanford.

In the biography of Robert Morris, an American businessman during the Revolutionary War, Eleanor Young describes another case of "detrimental precognition." It occurred in July 1750, and Morris' father was the central character.

According to custom, the merchant was to meet a shipful of goods that he had consigned and join the captain of the vessel in celebration of a successful voyage and business transaction.

The night before the celebration, Morris had a dream which revealed that he would receive a fatal wound from a salute which would be fired in his honor. Although not prone to superstition, Morris was still unable to shake the effect of the dream. He remembered tales that a gift of prophecy existed in his family, and this made him determined to skip the festivities on board ship.

When he went to check the cargo on the morning of the celebration, he talked to the captain of the boat, a man named Mathews, about the dream. Captain Mathews berated the merchant for putting stock in such silly notions as dreams, but Morris only agreed to come to the party when the captain told him that he would not let the salute be fired.

As the celebration wore on, Captain Mathews began to worry about the effect that leaving the salute out of the ceremony would have on his crew. It was customary to give the men a dram of liquor after the salute. He called Morris aside and together they agreed that the salute should be fired, but that the captain would personally join the party in the gig and direct the firing from the water to make sure that the boat was not in line with the ship's cannon.

As the party in the gig pulled away from the vessel, the captain raised his hand to flick a fly away from his nose. The gunners on board the ship took the motion as the signal to fire the salute, and a piece of wadding struck Morris in the arm, penetrated the skin, and broke the bone. There was no physician available, and a few days later, Morris died from an infection that came in the wake of the wound.

Although it is impossible to tell what would have happened had the captain remained on board to order the firing of the salute, his act of joining the party going ashore was one of the necessary events which preceded the fatal wound which Morris received. The

sequence of events was made inevitable because of the dream which had made Morris so cautious throughout the day. The gift of prophecy had become very lethal.

THE MOVIE ACTRESS AND THE TEA LEAVES

According to *This Week* columnist Charlie Rice, movie actress Arlene Dahl is the "champion tealeaf reader of Hollywood."

In the March 29, 1964 issue of *This Week*, Rice told how the beauteous redhead had recently "read" his tea leaves at a New York restaurant. She had told him the usual things one might expect from an amateur tealeaf interpreter, then startled him with an accurate prognostication.

By studying the tea leaves, Miss Dahl told the writer that he was planning a major project—quite probably a new house—and that the undertaking would be completed by June.

In his column, Rice admitted that he had met with his contractor prior to his luncheon date with the movie actress, and the man had promised him that the new house would be ready for occupancy by June 15th.

No one but his own wife, Rice told his readers, could have known about the house building project.

CARRIE KING'S RADIO MIND

Mrs. Carrie May King earned the name of the "woman with the radio mind" in her native Louisiana. By her death at the age of 81 in February 1964, Mrs. King had predicted the recovery site of over 2300 drowning victims.

In a well-known case, searchers contacted Mrs. King after they had dragged University Lake for five days in a futile attempt to locate the body of Etta D. Bercegeay. The remarkable woman's "radio mind" drew a map for the searchers and the astonished men found the body at the exact spot which Mrs. King had indicated.

Mrs. King first attracted notice when, at the age of five, she began predicting the deaths of her relatives and family friends.

By the time that she had married, Carrie May King was famous throughout the state of Louisiana.

Huey P. Long sought her help when he was a senator. "You'll get what you're after," she told the controversial politician. "You'll get to be governor."

Long rolled a big cigar about his mouth with an air of satisfaction. Then, lest the man become too confident, Mrs. King told him: "But you're also going to be killed while in office."

This prediction came true when Governor Long was shot down by an assassin in the state capitol.

TJSJE PEERDEMAN'S INSPIRED VISIONS

Tjsje Peerdeman had her first vision one Saturday evening in 1918, when she was just 13 years old and coming from her first confession.

It had been a confession filled with accounts of childish misdeeds, which had been magnified by extreme piety, and her father confessor, Father Joseph Frehe, recognized this as he heard the girl's recitation.

Suffused with a marvelous sense of absolution, the Dutch teenager was heading for her home when her attention was caught by a strange light in the doorway of an old storehouse. As the girl stood mesmerized, a figure of a beautiful woman appeared in the glow.

The woman's loveliness was of celestial unearthly quality. She said nothing, only smiled and seemed to indicate with a motion of her head that Tjsje should not be afraid and should continue on her way home.

"Hush up and don't trouble me with such ridiculous stories," snapped Tjsje's oldest sister, Gesina, when told of the vision. Since Mama had passed away, Gesina had been left to care for the three younger girls.

"And don't repeat that tale to Father," Gesina warned, "or he'll thrash you!"

Tjsje respected her sister's admonition and told no

one of the beautiful woman's second visitation nor of the third, but she wrote them all down in her diary.

"I must have that diary," Father Frehe told her when she finally confessed it to him. Sadly but obediently, the girl brought the diary to Father Frehe, then stood by with tears streaking her cheeks as the priest methodically tore up the pages.

Tjsje did not see the woman again for a long time. But when she was 29, an invisible "devil" came to torment her. Both members of the family and startled witnesses testified that doors in the Peerdeman household kept banging open and shut and that a high pitched whistling could be heard and a nauseating odor could be smelled without any apparent reason.

"Such things are of the devil!" neighbors warned Mr. Peerdeman.

Peerdeman, a practical textile merchant, scoffed, but when Tjsje succumbed to a violent seizure, he called for Father Frehe.

The priest administered the rites of exorcism, and the religious intensity of the ritual banished Tjsje's obsession.

It was not until eleven years later that Tjsje once again saw her beautiful woman. She was now a spinster of 40, and the Netherlands was occupied by the Germans. One evening the Peerdemans had invited Father Frehe to share a meal. In the midst of this family group, Tjsje beheld her celestial visitor. She gave Tjsje the date on which the war would end and dictated a prayer which she should have distributed.

"Ask her who she is," Father Frehe demanded.

"You shall call me Woman of All People," the beautiful vision told Tjsje.

Since that time, Tjsje Peerdeman has seen the Woman more than 50 times, culminating on May 31, 1958, Mary's Day. Catholics from all over the world have made pilgrimages to Amsterdam, with reports of fulfilled prayers and miracle healings.

After the 1958 visitation, Tjsje Peerdeman commissioned a German painter, Heinrich Repke, to prepare a portrait of the Woman of All People exactly as she had beheld her. Following Tjsje's description to the last brush stroke, Repke achieved a picture which has been reproduced and distributed throughout the world. It portrays the Virgin Mary as a lovely woman with dark curls, dressed in a flowing white gown and standing on a globe.

The messages which the Woman dictated to Tjsje have been written down in a book. The book is said to contain prophecies of political strife, a concrete method of achieving deliverance, and a demand that Mary shall be confirmed as co-savior, mediatrix, and intercessor in a new religious dogma. The Hungarian revolution, the violences in the Middle East, trouble in Formosa and Quemoy are reported to have been accurately predicted. Other predictions tell of a future division of Europe and a ghastly secret weapon which may be unleashed on mankind.

MALVA DEE, SEERESS OF CANADA'S ENCHANTED ACRES

In the beautiful region known as the Haliburton Highlands, about 150 miles northeast of Toronto, Ontario, an attractive young woman has established a retreat where she might employ her powers of prediction and clairvoyance in a setting of peaceful contemplation.

Malva Dee has earned the appellation "the amazing Canadian psychic," by impressive exhibitions of psychometric talent. Clients are asked to send a sample of their handwriting—preferably in a Bible verse—or a photograph to her "Enchanted Acres" at West Guilford, Ontario, for psychometric analysis.

"I simply hold the letter or photo upon which I am doing an analysis and 'tune in to' the Infinite wavelength," Malva Dee told me. The seeress does not claim 100 per cent accuracy, but an increasing number of clients are ready to testify to an incredibly high number of direct "hits."

"I am one psychic who does not feel that there is to be a worldwide devastation," Malva Dee explains, "that is why I am able to proceed with a calm and peaceful mind."

A comparative newcomer to the psychic field, Malva Dee did not actually begin helping others through prophecy and clairvoyance until 1960. That year the normally vital and healthy woman was suddenly taken gravely ill and was told that death was near.

Malva Dee experienced a month of complete despair. Then one night. . . .

"I beheld a vision of myself walking up a very long and beautiful red carpet which was laid in a beautiful white marbled and arched cathedral. At the end of this magnificent, vault-like room stood a raised dais upon which sat a white-robed figure surrounded by other ethereal looking personages.

"A feeling of great peace came over me as I walked steadily forward. Then, suddenly, a great voice resounded in the hushed hall: 'Go back, my child, not yet—there is much you must do to help others.'

Within five days, Malva Dee had walked out of the hospital and had been pronounced completely cured. Her recovery was regarded as a miracle of modern medicine, but the young woman believed that her healing had come from a much higher source.

"I don't know why I was chosen to serve," she admits modestly, "nor do I ask. I merely do that which comes before me in the faith that my path will ever be so guided."

On three different occasions, Malva Dee's psychic warnings have saved her family from tragedy.

Once, while the family was driving in Los Angeles, she was suddenly overcome by a sensation of blood and nameless horror. She insisted that her husband pull over for ten minutes while Malva Dee waited for the sensation to clear.

"All right," she told her husband at last. "We may go again."

Ten minutes later, they came to a busy intersection where a sports car had rammed under a trailer truck. The driver had been killed on impact. Had Malva Dee not insisted upon stopping, the family would have been involved in the accident.

Another time, Malva Dee warned her husband to prepare for a white car which would spin out in front of them. Later that day, while they were driving up a hill, a white driverless car came from nowhere, spinning crazily down not only at them, but others as well. A heroic effort on the part of a bystander, who dashed out, threw himself into the runaway car, and jammed on the brakes, was the only thing that prevented a terrible toll.

Malva Dee predicted the election of John F. Kennedy but as she and her husband watched his inauguration, she sighed, "It is so sad, he will not live out his term."

Her husband was taken aback and had the prediction registered through the Post Office to himself. On that Black Friday, November 22, 1963, the envelope was opened in the presence of the editor and staff of the local newspaper. The incident later was described in *Search* magazine.

Here are some other incidents from Malva Dee's files:

C.Y. wrote: "As usual you were very accurate in your analysis. . . .Yes, my mother did pass away yesterday, and it was comforting to read your description of life after death. Your timely warning about a beloved one prepared me for this sad news."

Mrs. O.S. had contacted Malva Dee because she felt that her husband's inattentions were due to other women. Miss Dee assured her this was not the case. She also told her to be patient. Later, Mrs. O.S. wrote to thank Malva Dee. The woman's husband had had a serious financial reverse, which he had kept from her so that she would not feel concerned. She was so thankful that she had received the analysis before she had made false accusations.

Malva Dee warned M.G. that she would be unjustly wronged at work and would walk out of the company without defending herself. The matter would end on a happy note, however. The company would right the wrong and restore her to her former position. M.G. later wrote to tell Malva Dee that it had all happened just as she had foreseen it, and "the Managing Director himself had come to proffer his apologies."

In her column, "What I See," Malva Dee predicted the race riots in the Watts district of Los Angeles as early as October 8, 1964.

On August 3, 1964, she wrote that the world would mourn the passing of a great statesman just before the subsequent death of Sir Winston Churchill.

On August 7, 1965, she forecast a scandal that would rock the Canadian people and would throw the government into an uproar. Not long after that the Munsinger affair linking a former cabinet minister and an alleged party girl was brought to light.

On June 8, 1965, Malva Dee foresaw the tragic crash of a Canadian airliner, which would take a high toll of lives. Before the item was published in her column, the tragedy occurred with a total loss of life.

No dour, pessimistic prophet, Malva Dee feels that the future holds the promise of greater understanding and the coming of a true brotherhood of man, rather than the devastation of a nuclear war. "While there will be problems to be faced, crises to be met, there is a seeking of peoples as individuals towards understanding," says the Canadian seeress.

As I concluded my interview with the personable Canadian psychic, Malva Dee added: "I want all those who read your book to have this meditation from Enchanted Acres: 'I now call upon Divine Love to open my mind and heart to others and to bless the friendships in my life.' "

MADAME BLAVATSKY—SEERESS OR ADVENTURESS?

"She was a massive mountain of a woman with crinkly brown hair, wide eyes, and billowing chins. She lumbered among her disciples in a dirty wrapper, fumbling endlessly in the tobacco pouch from which she rolled her cigarets. Again and again she was caught in chicaneries that would have made a carnival grifter blush . . . " So the November 11, 1946, issue of *Time* magazine described Madame Blavatsky.

Born Helen Petrovna Hahn in 1832 in a village in the Russian Ukraine, Madame Blavatsky was a rather weird child, interested in the bizarre, often gruesome, aspects of life. She enjoyed telling stories that left her playmates terrified. She appeared gifted with psychic powers, and often spent her time soaking up impressions from old cellars where medieval serfs had been flogged and tortured to death.

After being jilted in one love affair, Helen married General Nicephor Blavatsky, but after three months left him to join a traveling troupe which wandered throughout Europe, working as a circus rider and a medium. She became a bigamist for the first time when she married an Hungarian opera singer, Argadi Metrovitch.

Although she made many claims of never having given birth and, indeed, to being a virgin later in her life, her biographers have gathered evidence which indicates that she had at least one son, who died shortly after he was born.

What mysterious force drove her across the Atlantic in 1873 is unknown, but once she landed in North America she began following a tortuous path which would eventually bring her world fame. She traveled across the ocean as a steerage passenger, and immediately upon arrival in New York, she began work in a Lower East Side sweatshop, living in what was called "The Home for Working Women."

But it was not long before she was out of the sweatshop, conducting seances for wealthy people and gaining publicity by any means she could. She was a past master at planting stories calculated to blow up her talents to sensational proportions.

At this juncture, she met Henry Steel Olcott, a middle-aged lawyer, husband and father of four sons. Olcott was fascinated by the occult, and he had written magazine articles which described magic and spiritualism. The mild-mannered Olcott became so enamored of Madame Blavatsky that he forgot his law practice and even his family to devote himself completely to the mysterious madame.

Olcott was not the only one who was drawn into the Blavatsky vortex. Many other men left established careers and families to dedicate their lives to the dynamic lady. These men founded the "Theosophical Society" for her and made the international fame of its guiding spirit an inevitability.

Using the money her converts brought, Madame Blavatsky was able to publish many volumes she claimed were dictated to her by spirit guides. As the society became more established, its tradition became richer, and Madame Blavatsky "remembered" more and more of what had been handed down to her from the "Mahatmas of Central Tibet."

In 1878 she left America for India. A large body of her followers also made the trip, and in India, the permanent headquarters of the Theosophical Society was established. In 1885 many people whom she had led to India repudiated her as a fake; yet the magnetic Madame continued able to win new followers to the cause of Theosophy.

A list of the prominent people Madame Blavatsky was able to sway is enough to convince anybody of the power of her personality. Some of them were: William Butler Yeats, Thomas A. Edison, Lord Tennyson, Count Hermann Keyserling, William Gladstone, and Maurice Maeterlinck. Annie Besant, the great lady reformer of England, became the chief exponent of the Theosophical Society and the Blavatsky cult after the Madame's death.

Madame Blavatsky's disciples, who still flourish, point with pride to her several fulfilled prophecies and note with the utmost seriousness the predictions which have yet to come to full fruition.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, Madame Blavatsky tells of a new race being formed in America. "In only three centuries," the seeress writes, "Americans have come a primary race *pro tem*, before becoming a race apart to succeed the present European or fifth sub-race."

Madame Blavatsky foresaw a series of cataclysms and shattering earth changes which shall destroy all of Europe and the "whole Aryan race." At this time, the "sixth root race" shall appear on American soil.

This new race shall have as its mission the sowing of "the seeds of a forthcoming, grander, and far more glorious Race than any of those we know of at present," and the now existent cycles of matter will be succeeded by "cycles of spirituality and a fully developed mind."

Realizing that the world would miss her when she departed, Madame Blavatsky promised that the Masters of Wisdom would send a new age teacher to the Western nations, who would appear by 1975.

A SHARED VISION THAT SAVED 29 LIVES

Roscoe Harris awoke shouting in terror. Harris, who was in charge of concrete work being done on a new engine room at Old Ben Mine No. 9 in West Frankfort, Illinois, had just had a frightening nightmare which had portrayed the third cage at the mine falling down the shaft to crush 29 men.

It was 1924, and the United States was more concerned about Prohibition than precognition, but Roscoe Harris did not take the pre-vision lightly. The next morning he arrived at the mine just as the third cage, with 25 miners aboard, was about to be lowered.

Hastily summoning mine superintendent Bob Shipp, Harris told him about the nightmare and entreated him to fasten safety chains to the cage.

Shipp seemed somehow convinced of Harris' seriousness and ordered the safety chains to be affixed. The men groaned at the delay and mumbled even louder when four additional men got aboard the already crowded cage.

Then, moments after the cage had begun its descent, Harris heard the loud crash and the terrified screams—just as in his dream. But the safety chains held, and the 29 miners were hauled up to the surface by means of a block and tackle.

"Thank God you listened to me," Harris said to superintendent Shipp. "I don't know why I believed in that dream myself—except that it seemed so real."

"I probably would have ignored you," Shipp admitted, "but I had exactly the same dream last night. The trouble was, I felt too foolish to do anything about it until you came running up to me with a story of an identical dream."

THE PATENT-LEATHER PROPHECIES OF ISABEL CYRA

As nine-year-old Isabel Cyra watched, she saw a man run from the flaming house. The door to the house burst open again, and another man was running swiftly after the first.

The little Prescott, Arizona girl put her hands up to her face, but she found no voice to scream. She continued to watch, unable to move her eyes from the scene.

The second man caught up with the first and tackled him. Then they were both up again, swinging at each other until the second man suddenly fell to the pavement. Momentarily stunned, he stumbled to his feet, pulled a pistol from his pocket, and shot twice, fire flashing from the barrel of the gun. He turned and ran before his victim had even crumpled to the street.

When she saw blood running from the open wounds, Isabel managed to scream. Her cry brought her mother hurrying up the stairs.

She found the girl still terrified, looking into the polished toes of her black shoes. Mrs. Cyra shook the little girl gently.

"A man was shot," Isabel said.

"Where?" her mother asked.

"In there," Isabel said, pointing at her shoes. She went on to describe what she had just witnessed in the polished toes of her shiny patent-leather slippers.

The girl's mother did not know what to do. Little Isabel had often amazed people with what she claimed to see in the toes of her shoes. But all the other visions, while accurate, had been of harmless things—picnics, family gatherings and the like. Now she was telling her mother about a murder.

"And there was a fire," the little girl insisted. "A house was burning. I could see the fire coming out the top of it. But worst of all, this man got shot right in front of our house. Shot dead right at the corner of Montezuma and Aubrey."

It was hard to believe, but as much as her mother and the neighbors continued to question the little girl, her story never changed. She said that the murder had taken place at night, because she had seen the moon shining.

Isabel told her playmates of the strange vision, Mrs. Cyra told the neighbors, and the neighbors told other neighbors until there were quite a number of people who had been made aware of the vision which Isabel Cyra had seen. Most of them thought the bizarre prophecy simply a manifestation of a child's vivid imagination.

Then it happened. The body of a Mexican laborer was found lying in the street in a pool of his own blood. The murder had occurred in front of the Cyra house at Montezuma and Aubrey Streets. Although there were no witnesses, the neighbors had been aroused when they heard what some claimed had been two shots, and others three.

Justino Tena, the 22-year-old victim, had been working at the U.S. Cavalry post at Prescott. Some bloodstains were later found on a footbridge which led to the Mexican quarter, and at first officials theorized that the slayer had been another Mexican. But then police found witnesses who told them that they had heard the men quarreling in English.

It was later established that Justino had been the lover of a girl in the Prescott underworld. Police assumed that the motive for the slaying was jealousy, but the killer himself was never apprehended.

Shortly after the murder, a house near the Cyras' caught fire and burned for several minutes before the Prescott fire department arrived.

The account of Isabel Cyra's vision had spread so far before the killing and subsequent fire that people all over Prescott were dumfounded when they compared her predictions with what had actually happened. Everything seemed to fit, except for one small detail—the moon had not been shining.

Unknown to Isabel Cyra, the technique which she was using to stimulate prophetic visions was not unique. Occultists and crystal gazers have been able to use just about any kind of polished surface to manifest visions. Some of them even preferred to use a highly-polished black surface.

But it seems that none of the methods of more pretentious prophets have achieved any greater accuracy than Isabel Cyra's. The murder had all happened in the toes of her shoes—first.

FLORENCE PERRIMAN'S PROPHETIC VISIONS

The police inspector of Las Palmas in the Canary Islands was dubious about the help he would get from the woman who had come to offer her services. It was not only that he was suspicious of people who offered something for nothing. He knew little about prophecy and even less about clairvoyance. But the police had searched for James Turner for more than a week and had turned up no clues. All this woman wanted to do was to touch some personal effect of the missing man. Finally he shrugged and agreed. What harm could come of it? he asked himself.

Florence Perriman had only recently arrived in the Spanish colony when she heard that Turner was missing. The entire population was concerned about the prominent, well-liked citizen. Mrs. Perriman hoped that she could help, and when given a pair of the missing man's gloves, she concentrated on them for a moment before she began to tell of a vision she was receiving.

"Mr. Turner is riding a horse," she said.

"He is going toward a banana plantation. He dismounts and walks toward a small clump of trees. He stands for a moment at a fork in the path. Then he takes the top path and walks until he meets a man with dark skin. He wears shorts and a fawn shirt. They walk together until they come to a big tree which

has been struck by lightning. They stop there and continue talking."

Mrs. Perriman paused in her narrative, her eyes wide with horror. "He has hit Mr. Turner and now is taking his money. Mr. Turner is badly injured, but not dead."

After she had recited the vision, the police asked Mrs. Perriman if she would recognize the place if she saw it again. The seeress nodded. They were about to leave for the area in which Turner had last been seen, when word came that servants had located Turner in precisely the spot Mrs. Perriman had predicted. The thief himself was later apprehended, and he confessed. Mr. Turner, though severely injured, managed to survive.

Florence Perriman was the only child of a surgeon who had died three months before she was born. Her mother, the daughter of Count Leon Phasavent of Castille, later married a sea captain and had four other children. But Florence was never like her brothers and sisters. She preferred to live in the company of adults, and when she was 8 years old, she was sent to a convent school.

It was while attending this school that Florence first learned that she could envision things which were occurring many miles away. Perhaps the loneliness of her first extended stay away from home made her want to remember her family so badly that it actually induced the visions. But, however it started, Florence soon found that while gazing into the smooth surface of a pool on the convent grounds she was able to "see" things that were happening at home. Then, one day, she "saw" her mother take a bad spill from a horse. Terrified, she confided in one of the sisters.

Instantly the nun was berating her as a wicked girl.

The nun declared that the visions were from the devil and that Florence must try to ignore this temptation. After this, Florence felt even more miserable, for not only had she been accused of a grievous sin, she could not forget the vision. It was the next day that Florence was "officially" informed that her mother had taken a nasty fall while hunting in the field.

Florence Perriman later became one of the most famous seers who ever lived. She helped literally hundreds of people.

She first experienced her power of prophecy at the death of her grandmother. The woman had been very close to Florence, and two days before she died, her apparition appeared to the girl and announced that she must leave her. Later, Florence received an impression that a present from her grandmother would arrive, even though this seemed impossible with the lady dead. The present came from an aunt, who had promised the elderly woman before her death that she would deliver the package.

When she was 17, Florence married Dr. A. E. Perriman, a veterinary surgeon. Her power as a seer had seemed to grow with age. One evening a woman who was visiting the Perrimans handed Florence an ivory-handled knife encrusted with jewels. As Florence touched the knife, a vision of a faroff land came into her mind. Florence saw herself in a white circular building with immense pillars. Then there were two struggling figures, and a mob of angry men approaching. Before the mob reached the two men, one of them stabbed the other with the very knife that she held in her hand.

Their guest was amazed. Her husband had brought the knife from India and had told her exactly the same story.

During World War I, Florence Perriman trained as a nurse. She would startle fellow nurses by predicting what soldiers who would occupy certain beds would look like. Several times she was able to predict the outcome of a newly arrived case even before a doctor had examined him.

After the war, Mrs. Perriman settled in Cardiff, England, desiring to use her special talents for the benefit of all mankind. Although she did accept money for her work from those who could afford it, she never demanded payment from those who were poor. On only one occasion did she divulge information about a horserace and that was to a friend, ex-boxing champion Jimmy Driscoll. Her prediction was accurate, and Driscoll had placed a profitable bet. She refused all subsequent offers to further utilize her powers for gambling.

Even though Mrs. Perriman sought no publicity, her fame as a seer became very great. Before her death during World War II, she had become known as the "Cardiff Seer" to the many thousands whom she had helped.

THOUSAND WITNESS SPANISH GIRL'S CONVERSATION WITH ANGEL

In August, 1965, a crowd of nearly a thousand people gathered in a peaceful grove outside the isolated village of San Sebastian De Garabanal, Spain. Some had come to pray; some had come to mock; some had come to satisfy their curiosity; but all had come to hear a prophetic message from lovely Conchita Gonzalez, a 16-year-old farm girl, who had allegedly been conducting conversations with the Virgin Mary and the Archangel St. Michael.

"She comes from the house," whispered an old woman.

A journalist checked his wristwatch. Nearly midnight.

Conchita walked slowly to the grove, seemingly unaware of the crowd that had gathered to hear and to observe her. She threw back her head and appeared to be speaking with someone who could not be seen by the assembled throng.

During her 10-minute "conversation," a doctor emerged from the crowd and checked her pulse. "It is normal," he told a representative from a wire service. Conchita did not appear to have noticed his action.

Minutes later, the teenager shook her head sharply and smiled benevolently at the crowd.

"To whom did you speak?" the crowd wanted to

know—each member desiring the information for his own particular reason.

"I have spoken with the Archangel St. Michael," she told the assemblage. "He gave me an important message of wondrous things to come. I shall impart it at the proper time in writing."

With those words, Conchita walked slowly home, once again aloof to the shouted demands and questions of the excited multitude.

Religious experts are seriously studying Conchita's claims to heavenly discourse. Her recent conversation marks the latest of a series, which began in 1961 when she and three other peasant girls in this mountain village claimed to have seen and talked not only with St. Michael, but also with the Virgin Mary.

THE MAN WHO LIVED IN FUTURE TENSE

Edgar Cayce was one of the greatest clairvoyants of all time. Until his death at the age of 67 in 1945, Cayce went under self-induced hypnosis twice a day in order to "diagnose" diseases which had escaped the probings of highly-trained medical men. The "Seer of Virginia Beach" gave more than 30,000 trance readings in his lifetime and earned the gratitude of thousands of men, women, and children whose lives he had saved.

Always a controversial figure, Cayce was derided by cynics who asked how a man whose formal education had terminated with the ninth grade could become a greater healer than professional medical men with years of training behind them. His defenders were quick to point out that Edgar Cayce did not *heal* patients who sought his help, he merely *diagnosed* their ailments—often with a cooperating family physician standing at their side.

The skeptical German scholar, Dr. Hugo Munsterberg, investigated Cayce in 1910 with the announced intention of exposing him. Weeks later he left the seer to prepare an endorsement, rather than an exposé, of Cayce's work.

Dr. William Moseley Brown, head of the psychology department at Washington and Lee University, declared, after an extensive investigation: "If there is such a thing as an authentic clairvoyant, that man is Edgar Cayce."

The authenticated cures attributed to Cayce's diagnosis number in the thousands. Astonishing tales of clairvoyant feats such as the location of missing persons, objects and criminals are many.

Equally intriguing are the "life readings" which the seer gave regarding the past incarnations of individuals. Others speak of the series of trances in which Cayce gave a detailed re-creation of everyday life in Ancient Atlantis.

Cayce also put forward a number of prophecies about our future.

In the period 1958 to 1998, Cayce foresaw a number of dramatic geographic changes. He predicted a shifting of the poles, which would be caused by the eruption of volcanoes in the torrid zones. Open waters will appear north of Greenland, and new islands will rise in the Caribbean Sea. South America will be shaken by a violent earthquake.

Long before his death in 1945, Cayce envisioned the racial strife which lay ahead. "He [the Negro] is thy brother!" Cayce said while in trance. "Those who caused or brought servitude to him without thought or purpose have created that which must be met within their own principles, within their own selves. . . . For He hath made of one blood the nations of the earth! . . . Raise not democracy above the brotherhood of man, the fatherhood of God."

As early as 1938, Cayce foresaw difficulty for Russia as long as its people were denied freedom of speech and the right to worship. Then, in a provocative vision, Cayce declared, ". . . through *Russia* comes the hope of the world—not in respect to that which is sometimes termed Communism or Bolshevism—no! But freedom! That each man will live for his fellowman."

The Association for Research and Enlightenment at Virginia Beach, Virginia, has preserved the records of Edgar Cayce and continues to provide information about the seer and his work.

HARRY INGALLS, THE TELEPATHIC PROPHET

The man wore a black robe and was obviously the center of attention of the throng gathered around him. The people did not come to him with their problems, he picked them out of the crowd, pointing at them, calling them by name, although he had apparently never seen them before.

"You," he said excitedly, pointing at a middle-aged woman. "Mrs. Crawford. There's no need to worry about your husband. I know he's not home from the camping trip yet, but he is safe, and he will return the day after tomorrow."

Tears of relief welled up in the woman's eyes.

The black-robed man had already turned his attention to someone else in the crowd, shouting out his name and rattling off his age and place of birth as if he had known him all his life.

Harry Ingalls, the remarkable seer from Swampscott, Massachusetts, has had prophetic powers since he was a child. All the women in the neighborhood would take in the clothes when young Harry predicted rain. One time his mother ignored his warning that it would rain for three solid days and woke up to find the water falling from the skies. It continued for three days as Ingalls had predicted.

Once, while staying in the same hotel with Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan, Ingalls had a vision of a plane crash. The Governor was one of the passengers. Without hesitation, Ingalls tapped Williams on the shoulder and told him that he would soon be involved in an airplane accident. The seer assured the Governor he himself would walk away from the crash without a scratch. Williams paid little attention until about a week later when the plane in which he was flying crashed. But, just as Ingalls had predicted, the Governor walked away without injury. Williams later described the event in a letter to Ingalls, giving the vivid details.

Called the "Yankee Seer" by some and Professor Ingalls by others, the man has lived in a kind of semi-retirement in Swampscott, Massachusetts for some time. He makes small trips into the surrounding area to demonstrate his unbelievable prophetic powers to scores of people. Businessmen hire him as a means of attracting customers.

Ingalls does not attribute his gifts to himself but says that they are grounded in the power of God. "Don't thank me," he says. "It's God working through me that makes it possible."

One of the Yankee Seer's favorite pastimes is foiling those who come to show him up as a faker.

Raymond J. Ross, a reporter and writer, was assigned by an editor to expose Ingalls as a fraud. What Ross first saw when he entered the store where the Yankee Seer had been performing was a throng of excited people standing around a short, black-robed man of about 60. The seer's feats did seem rather astonishing, but Ross was leery of being taken in by shills planted in the crowd.

Then, before Ross knew what was happening, Harry Ingalls was pointing in his direction, and the seer was identifying him as a reporter. The man could have guessed that, Ross explained to himself. But then the seer went on to tell him that he had been assigned to expose what was happening as a fraud.

Ross protested that Ingalls could have found out his profession and his assignment from the store's manager, whom Ross had taken into his confidence that morning.

Ingalls promised to pay Ross $500 if he could not recite the reporter's social security number and address. Then, quickly, the man rattled off the digits as if he were reading them from the cards in the astonished reporter's wallet.

A trifle stunned Ross continued to observe Ingalls for more than a week. Like many others, Ross came away completely convinced that Harry Ingalls was a seer of extraordinary power.

THE ARTILLERY OFFICER'S PREMONITION

Napoleon's last words as he lay on his death-bed at St. Helena were, "Steingel, hurry, attack!"

Since the battle of Marengo in 1800, Napoleon had been haunted by a premonition one of his seasoned artillery officers had received in a dream. The rugged campaigner had been so convinced that the next day's battle would be his last that he had his will drawn up and asked Napoleon to be its executor.

"Last night I dreamed I leaped forward on my horse at a decisive moment in the battle," Steingel told him. "I found myself facing a gigantic armored Croat. I advanced and hit him with my sword. The blade glanced off his armor.

"Then the armor and the uniform fell off the Croat and I saw Death with its sickle before me. He gave a great mocking laugh, raised his sickle, and struck me down."

After the day's fighting, Napoleon was notified that Steingel had been slain on the battlefield. With a demand that became an obsession, Napoleon ordered an investigation of the circumstances under which his officer had died.

From eyewitnesses, Napoleon learned that Steingel had jumped forward on his horse to attack and had been blocked by a gigantic Croat. The officer had cried out, "That is him!" and had sat on his horse as if paralyzed.

The Croat charged and Steingel struck him with his sword. The weapon bounced off the armor of the giant, who thrust Steingel a death blow with a quick movement.

The eerie accuracy of Steingel's premonition was but another bead which Napoleon mentally added to a string of circumstances which, to him, seemed preordained by Fate.

JEANE DIXON, WASHINGTON'S WINDOW TO THE FUTURE

As busy as he was during the war, Franklin D. Roosevelt took time to clear his desk so that he might give undivided attention to the pleasant-looking woman who had come into his office.

It was 1944, and the vast concern of leading a country through the biggest war man had ever seen was taxing him continually. Yet he was friendly and relaxed and after making small talk, he asked her quite directly how much longer he would have to carry out the tasks he had set before himself.

As if she had expected the question, she quickly asserted that he would have very little time.

The President was not satisfied. He wanted a more specific answer. She told him, then, that he would have no longer than the middle of the following year.

The woman who warned President Roosevelt of the time of his death was Jeane Dixon, who is undisputably the most famous seer of political events in the world today. Mrs. Dixon has correctly predicted the results of the presidential elections for the past 20 years, foretold the deaths of U.N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold and President John F. Kennedy, predicted that the Russians would win the race into space, and in general foreseen events on both personal and international scales too numerous to mention.

An agile, active woman, Mrs. Dixon, with her husband, runs a profitable real estate concern in Washington, D.C. She is convinced that the gift of prophecy which she possesses is closely associated with the power of God and is very cautious that she does not abuse this power.

There seems to be no standard procedure to this seer's prophetic insights. They come to her at various times, in various places and in various emotional states. She has performed on demand, and she has had visions when nothing was asked of her. She was able to predict correctly the change in the top leadership positions of Soviet Russia while in front of television cameras, and on another occasion, while under a beautician's hair drier, tried to warn the woman sitting next to her to avoid an approaching airline disaster.

In 1956, for a magazine interview, Mrs. Dixon was asked to predict the results of the 1960 Presidential election. She foretold that the election would be won by a Democrat, but that he would either be assassinated or die in office. In the 1960 Presidential election many friends remembered her saying that, even though Nixon would have more votes than Kennedy, Kennedy would become President.

But her prophetic power extends beyond the political sphere. With but the barest knowledge of the people involved, she has been able to predict murders, suicides, the results of horse races, fires and accidents. Once she was able to foresee the number which would win a raffle and purchased the corresponding ticket for her husband. He won a car.

After the death of Josef Stalin, world interest focused on Russia's next prime minister. When Malenkov was finally elevated to the position, Jeane Dixon was asked before a national television audience how long Malenkov would be Prime Minister of the Soviet Union.

The question was asked by the former U. S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, Joseph Davies, and he was obviously dubious about Mrs. Dixon's prophetic power.

Using a crystal ball to focus her attention, Jeane Dixon said that Malenkov would be premier for less than two years.

Ambassador Davies disagreed with Mrs. Dixon in a tone that approached open mockery. He was sure that no premier of the Soviet Union would ever be replaced. It seemed in the nature of Russian politics that the leader would either be assassinated or die a natural death before another man could take over.

But Mrs. Dixon stood firm. While smoothly acknowledging the ambassador's superior knowledge of the Russian situation, she nonetheless predicted that Malenkov's replacement would be ". . . a portly military man with wavy hair, green eyes and a goatee."

Davies had been in Russia for many years and said that he knew of no such man. Ignoring his apparent skepticism, Mrs. Dixon went on to predict that not only would the Russians win the race into space, they would also dictate the terms of world peace.

All but one facet of this miraculous prediction of history has come to pass. Premier Malenkov was replaced by Nikolai Bulganin. Malenkov was not killed, and the new premier was exactly as Mrs. Dixon had described him ". . . a portly military man with wavy hair, green eyes and a goatee," a comparatively unknown figure to the West. In 1957 Russia launched the first successful artificial earth satellite. The only portion of this prophecy yet to reach fruition is the statement that Russia will dictate the terms of world peace.

Her personal predictions have been just as accurate. At a Washington dinner party, she suddenly took the hand of the secretary to Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy and told her that she would be seeking a new job and that a man very close to her would soon die.

Miss Eleanor Baumgardner was more than a little amazed, as she had worked for the Justice for over 17 years and would not have thought of leaving him. Justice Murphy was in such good health that he was planning to be married. Miss Baumgardner had his wedding ring in her purse at that moment; the justice himself was vacationing in Michigan, where he was to meet his fiancee for the ceremony. The secretary planned to fly to Detroit to meet him.

Shortly after the dinner party, news came that Justice Murphy had died of a heart attack. When Miss Baumgardner later joined the Supreme Court secretarial pool, it became apparent that Mrs. Dixon had once again scanned the future with uncanny accuracy.

PROPHETS WARN OF A COMING WEST COAST DISASTER

According to a consensus of prophets, a catastrophic earthquake, accompanied by massive tidal waves, will strike the West Coast of the United States within the lifetime of most readers of this book and possibly before the end of next year. To make matters worse, many scientists engaged in geological research agree.

The Los Angeles *Times* for March 29, 1964, quotes Dr. Charles Richter, professor of seismology at the California Institute of Technology: ". . . quakes occur at more or less regular intervals. In Southern California these intervals are about every 100 years. Since the last earthquake (of magnitudinal proportions) here was in 1857, this suggests that California may be long overdue for a jolt from below. But no one has made or can make a precise prediction as to the exact time."

Culprit for the catastrophe will undoubtedly be the San Andreas Fault. This fault in the surface rock is part of the Pacific Coast Girdle. It is 30 miles thick, 700 miles long, and 30 miles deep.

In a public lecture given at Los Angeles City College in 1962, George Bellemin, Professor of Geology and Anthropology, expressed his opinion that a major California earthquake is imminent. According to Professor Bellemin, the degree of distortion along the San Andreas Fault is now equal to what it was in 1906 when the great San Francisco earthquake occurred.

The geologist warned his audience that since the last major quake occurred in the San Francisco area, they might expect the next earthquake of magnitudinal proportions near Los Angeles.

Some seers point out that the great West Coast disaster was predicted as long ago as the 17th century by Nostradamus. In a quatrain, which is listed in the 1964-2024 period, Nostradamus tells of a "New City," known as "Garden of the World," which lies in the pathway of a mountain fault. The Renaissance prophet saw the New City being plunged into the sea. Interpreters of the old master's prophetic poetry are quick to point out that Los Angeles is the largest new city in the world and is often referred to as the "garden of the world."

Peter Hurkos has been quoted as predicting a California earthquake for 1967. Dr. E. R. Lindsay, in a lecture on prophecy at the Four Square Gospel Tabernacle in Sacramento, predicted that the major part of California would sink into the ocean in 1969.

The psychics have been wrong before when they tried to pinpoint the exact time for the predicted disaster, however. Both Jeane Dixon and Hurkos previously proposed May, 1964 and so did Ray Stanford, a clairvoyant from Phoenix, Arizona.

Geologists and seismologists state that it is impossible to determine the exact time when the catastrophe will occur, but they agree with the seers that all Southern California may be inundated.

One young psychic on the West Coast has predicted that, after the cataclysmic earthquake, the new Pacific coast line will be parallel with Salt Lake City, Utah.

In 1936, while in trance, Edgar Cayce dictated that if there were great activity in Vesuvius or Pelée "then the southern coast of California and the areas between Salt Lake and the southern portions of Nevada may expect, within three months following same, an inundation by the earthquakes.

". . . the earth will be broken up in the Western portion of America.

". . . the greater portion of Japan will go into the sea.

". . . the upper portion of Europe will be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

". . . land will appear off the East coast of America."

An unsubstantiated story, which has enjoyed wide circulation, tells of a group of geologists from a leading California university, who decided to "feed" all significant data on the San Andreas Fault into a UNIVAC computer.

According to an alleged eyewitness, the UNIVAC responded to the data by issuing the following startling prediction: "California will soon experience the greatest earthquake in history because of the breaking of the San Andreas Fault. It is possible that Southern California may go into the sea."

The session with UNIVAC was supposed to have occurred in December 1963. As the story has it, more than one professor has since left the Southern California area.

MARY ANN GLENN, HAWAII'S FAVORITE SEERESS

"You must be careful," the woman warned. She was speaking generally to a little group of native Hawaiians gathered in her house. "The mountains at Puna and at Kilauea Iki will erupt this year." Then she went on to describe the time, the date and even the direction in which the volcanic lava would flow.

The islanders went away from the white woman's house talking quietly among themselves, making plans to heed the warning. There was no doubt in their minds that the mountains would explode just as she had predicted. As they moved away from the sites of the predicted disaster, their neighbors mocked them and told them to come out of the 17th century.

Then, a month later, Puna and Kilauea Iki in the Hawaiian chain burst into activity. Molten lava flowed down the mountain sides, covered entire villages, and forced the people to abandon their homes and move away from the scene of the disaster.

Mary Ann Glenn could only shake her head in pity for those who had not heeded the warning issued months before.

Mrs. Glenn, who moved to Hawaii in 1927, has long been gifted with psychic powers. Descended from Scandinavian stock and originally from Seattle, Washington, Mrs. Glenn now considers herself a native of Hawaii. The Islanders have been able to avoid many natural calamities since Mary Ann Glenn arrived.

Mrs. Glenn attributes her power to the Hawaiian goddess, *Pele*. In the folklore of the islands, *Pele* is not restricted to any single form, but most often she appears in the form of a woman. Her appearance portends disaster, and although no native on the island has ever seen her, Mrs. Glenn claims that she has been in contact with the deity for many years.

A few months after the two volcanoes had troubled the islands, Mrs. Glenn predicted the day and the hour a tidal wave would crash into Hilo. Once again those who had heeded her warning were saved; those who scoffed or were unaware of the prediction were put in great danger, and many lost their lives.

After the 1960 eruptions, Mrs. Glenn said once again that the spirits had come to visit her. The volcanos had quieted some, but they were not completely silent; and the people on the outlying islands had listened to the ominous rumblings and had begun preparing for the next holocaust by building dikes to divert the flow of molten rock away from their villages.

Mrs. Glenn told everyone who would listen that the spirits were angry with this meddling. She claimed that the spirits had begged her to make the people stop erecting the dikes. After talking to the manager of a local radio station for a long time, Mrs. Glenn finally convinced him that she should be permitted to broadcast the message. Shortly afterward, work on the dikes was stopped. Immediately, the active volcanos quieted.

Many witnesses claim that Mrs. Glenn possesses other remarkable powers in addition to those of prediction.

One day one of her neighbors was returning something that she had borrowed from Mrs. Glenn's kitchen. When no one answered her knock, she pushed open the unlocked door and set the borrowed item on the countertop. Glancing around the Glenn home, the neighbor was stopped where she stood by the sight seen through a nearby door.

Mrs. Glenn was kneeling before a small, eerie-looking shrine. She appeared to be in some kind of a trance. That in itself would not have been astounding, as many people pray from that position. The amazing thing was that Mrs. Glenn's knees were three feet off the floor! She appeared to be floating before the shrine.

When the neighbor finally regained control of herself, she ran out of the house screaming.

On another occasion, Mrs. Glenn was found in front of the shrine lying prone, with her body rigid, as though she were dead. When a friend of Mrs. Glenn's arrived on the scene, he was not at all alarmed and described the woman's condition as: "Mary Ann in her rapture again."

Mrs. Glenn cannot explain how the visions come to her, other than that they come from the gods. She complains that there are no words adequate to describe the experience. "You see, it is impossible for me to tell you how these things become real for me," is the way she put it to a friend.

COINNEACH ODHAR, THE PROPHET WHO TOLD TOO MUCH

Had Coinneach Odhar seen enough of the immediate future he would not have phrased what he said to the noble woman in such explicit terms. But the seer did not have a cautious nature, nor did he have as refined manners as the assembled Scottish highland nobility. His only asset was the gift of prophecy.

Lady Seaforth, wife of the third Earl of Seaforth, had invited him to a party for her closest friends. Coinneach Odhar, or the Brahan seer as he was known throughout the country, knew as well as anyone present that the Lady's husband had been overdue from a trip to the continent. It was the only reason that he had been asked to attend the exclusive celebration, and he could have foretold without any prophetic powers what Lady Seaforth would demand of him.

"Is my husband well?" she asked.

The Brahan seer removed a white pebble from his pocket, which he had convinced everybody was the secret of his prophetic gift. After staring at it, he laughed lowly before saying, "Be assured that your lord is well and merry."

Piqued by the man's laughter, Lady Seaforth demanded the seer relate what had amused him. The man tried to put her off, but the lady was insistent.

The prophet was obviously withholding information, and she demanded to know what his extraordinary powers had perceived. Still the seer begged that his lady not require the information of him. Only when he was threatened with severe punishment did the man's eyes narrow onto the pebble again.

With delight he began describing the surroundings the Earl of Seaforth was enjoying. The draperies and the furniture of a lush Persian apartment were described to the attentive audience. Then, to the amazement of those present, the Brahan seer described the Earl with a beautiful woman present. With mirth that had become all too obvious, he related the lurid scene in full detail as the couple retreated from chair to bed.

Lady Seaforth barely waited for the man's voice to drop at the end of the concluding sentence before she was shouting "liar." She accused him of shaming her in front of her friends. The seer did not seem to be listening, and his obvious contempt made Lady Seaforth even angrier. Finally, the politically powerful lady had Coinneach Odhar condemned to death at the stake.

Even as he stood with his ankles buried in the barrel of tar which would eventually consume him in flame, Coinneach Odhar seemed to scorn the society and the people who could not stand truth. His last uttered words were a prophecy of the doom for the house of Seaforth.

Just three years later, Lady Seaforth learned the truth of what the man had told her. The woman with whom her husband had been consorting was identified as Lucy Walters, mother of King Charles II's illegitimate son, who became the Duke of Monmouth. Spurred by the information the seer had given her, the lady's investigations eventually forced her to face the truth. With more than one emotional weight on her conscience, she threw herself from the Brahan castle tower and ended the misery that had become her life.

Born on the Isle of Lewis in the early 17th century, Coinneach Odhar learned of his prophetic powers when an attempt was made on his life. He had migrated to Scotland as a youth and had hired out as a farm laborer. While breaking the earth with a wooden plow point, he had a premonition that the lunch which the farmer's wife was carrying toward him had been poisoned. He said nothing to the woman, but after she had gone, he fed a portion of the lunch to a dog. The subsequent death of the dog proved to Coinneach Odhar that he had prophetic powers and convinced him that farming was not his calling.

Perhaps his most famous prediction was the one which he made at the funeral pyre. Gazing at the small white pebble, the Brahan seer foresaw the doom of the line of Seaforth. He predicted the failing of the line "ere many generations have passed." The last chief of the clan was to have four sons, whom he would follow to the grave and thereby extinguish the line forever. The last Lord would be deaf and dumb and would be surrounded by other Lords, one of whom would have buck teeth, another a hare lip, a third would be half-witted, and a fourth would stammer. The Seaforth estate would be inherited by a woman from the East, who would kill her sister. After uttering this unattractive prophecy, the Brahan seer threw his white pebble into a nearby lake and gave himself up to the flames.

In 1815, Sir Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, who was then Lord Seaforth, died, the last of the line. He had been deaf since childhood and had been dumb with grief after the death of his four sons. His neighbors included buck-toothed Sir Hector Mackenzie, hare-lipped Chisolm of Chisolm, half-witted Sir Lewis Alexander Grant, and stammering MacLeod of Raasay. The Seaforth estate went to Lady Hood, Seaforth's older daughter who had to come from the East Indies to claim the property. Later Lady Hood's sister was killed when a carriage in which the two sisters were riding overturned. Lady Hood was the only witness.

THE WOMAN WHO READ THE WEATHER IN HER ONIONS

The visitors to Ann Kelly's house in Holt's Run, Virginia, during the last century came from many different walks of life. They included nearby farmers wanting to be informed of when to plant, lumbermen stopping to find out when to cut the timber to float to the mills, and even housewives worried about their gardens.

Ann Kelly would tell them what months it would rain and what months it would not. How did she know? As incredible as it seems, the woman was able to forecast the weather for an entire year from an onion.

Each New Year's Eve, Ann cut six large Dutch onions in half and placed the halves in a line on a board. After covering the sliced surfaces with salt, she put them out of sight until the old year had passed into the new.

Taking the onions carefully from their hiding place, Ann was then able to predict how much moisture would fall during the year by how much water had gathered on the surfaces of onions.

The onions not only told Ann in which *month* the rain would occur. By reading around them clockwise, she was also able to predict the specific day. Where droplets of water had not formed there would be no rain. All of Gilmer County depended on Ann Kelly's onion forecasts.

JANE SAVAGE AND HER MYSTERIOUS TEACHER

Some prophets have not contented themselves with the prediction of commonplace events. The Old Testament prophets, Nostradamus and others have forecast the great movements of history, the rise and fall of empires and the course of political and natural changes.

A member of this school was Mrs. Jane Savage of Lakeland, Florida, who first learned of her prophetic gift in 1918, when she was visited by a mysterious "teacher." This "teacher," who became her guide and the source of much of her prophetic inspiration, appeared to her as a distinguished Oriental gentleman.

At the time of his first visit, Mrs. Savage was living alone in New York City while her husband was working overseas. For an hour and a half, she scribbled down in pencil what the man revealed to her.

On that date, September 22, 1918, Mrs. Savage filled over 28 pages with prophetic script. One of the first items was the flat prediction that the war in Europe would end before November 15. The Armistice came on November 11th.

Other predictions included:

Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany would leave his homeland to seek refuge in a smaller country, where he would eventually die. [Kaiser Wilhelm subsequently did travel from Germany to Holland, where he died some time after the war.]

An Austrian would rise to power among the Germans and lead them into a catastrophic war, which the Germans would lose.

The United States would provide the wealth to feed and clothe the entire world, besides being almost solely responsible for the elevation and renovation of war-torn Europe.

On a personal level, the teacher revealed that Mrs. Savage's husband would return to America before Christmas 1918, after being decorated twice for meritorious service. (This occurred exactly as Mrs. Savage had written.)

Even though the mysterious spirit teacher never again gave such lengthy dictation, Mrs. Savage was visited on many later occasions.

Thus she was able to predict in 1920 that the United States would begin a wild economic boom that would end with the crash of the stock market in 1929.

Mrs. Savage correctly predicted that King Edward VIII would give up his throne under pressure from his mother, the church and the prime minister, to marry the American divorcee whom he loved.

In 1939 she announced that the United States would be attacked by Japan within two years. Those who had heeded her words were spared the shock on that infamous Sunday, December 7, 1941

Mrs. Savage also recorded many prophecies which have yet to be fulfilled. A few of them include:

A volcanic eruption in Panama will block the canal completely, but the same upheaval will open a new canal through Nicaragua.

Japan will someday disappear under the Pacific Ocean, following a violent upheaval of the Earth's crust.

Man will be able to tap and use the power of the earth's magnetic field and the tides of the ocean.

The Soviet Union will fight and lose a war against 10 million Moslems in the Middle East. The war is to be the beginning of the Brotherhood of Man, which Jesus foresaw.

Shortly after the Russians had sent the first man into space, Mrs. Savage told friends that it was actually their third attempt. The other two attempts had resulted in the death of the cosmonaut. She also proclaimed that Yuri Gargarin was not the pilot of the spacecraft, but had been elected to receive the honors. The man who actually took part had been too weak to appear.

CHEIRO, THE PALMIST AND HIS PREDICTIONS

In February 1912, the British palmist Cheiro was asked if he would give a "reading" to a celebrated musician who wished to keep his identity a secret.

A woman had served as a telephone intermediary and the well-known palmist had told her that he would be happy to grant an appointment. He had flipped rapidly through an appointment calendar and offered the afternoon of February 12th as a possible time. The woman accepted the appointment and told Cheiro that he might expect the musician at that time.

At the designated time, the man strode purposefully into the palmist's reception room. He had a flowing beard, long hair that seemed to have resisted all attacks by comb or brush, and he wore a dark cloak draped over his shoulders.

When the immaculately attired palmist received him, the man grunted a few heavily accented words and set a sheaf of music on a side table. Then, he spread his hands to show that the famous palmist might begin.

Cheiro had, of course, ignored the stranger's appearance and the obvious clues of the sheaf of music, the long unkempt hair and the flowing beard. To the palmist, the only important signs were the lines on the man's palms.

After a few moments of concentration, Cheiro said,

"You are a man who is bold and brave above the average. You are a born leader who is even now planning a most hazardous enterprise."

The man hesitantly asked the palmist if the venture would be successful.

"It will only be successful in that you will escape losing your life," Cheiro told him.

The man nodded slowly. His next question was but a whisper: "And after this venture?"

"You will embark on a very similar enterprise, and this time, I fear, you will lose your life at the age of 28."

The man was silent for several moments, then he seemed compelled to attempt to break the palmist's spell with laughter. "You would probably say I lead quite an adventurous life for a musician, eh?"

Cheiro smiled. "You do indeed. In fact, I should say that the life you lead would much better suit Shackleton, the explorer."

The man sobered, rose to his feet, yanked off the false beard and moustache, shrugged the cloak off his shoulders, and exchanged the foreign accent for his own clipped British tone. "I am Shackleton," he told the astonished palmist.

Two years later, Shackleton embarked on the Antarctic expedition which brought about the sinking of his ship. Through great peril, the explorer and some companions managed to escape. Eight years later, in June 1922, he was in the Antarctic once again on a similar venture. During this expedition, the famous explorer was taken ill and died aboard his ship at the age of 48.

Cheiro was the pseudonym of Count Louis Hamon, a highly celebrated palmist and clairvoyant, who gained his reputation on the basis of several predictions which came true.

Cheiro looked at the hands of Lord Kitchener when he was an obscure colonel and prophesied that he would become Britain's Minister of War. Mark Twain's diary bears corroborating testimony to the fact that when the famous author was bankrupt, Cheiro predicted that he would soon become wealthy and die a rich man. Shortly thereafter, Twain signed a contract for over $100,000 which took him on the famous lecture tour.

Cheiro died in 1936, but here are a few predictions which he left for our future:

Towards the end of this century, India will undergo a religious war which will divide Buddhists and Moslems.

Russia will be brought to her knees by a natural catastrophe, probably an earthquake.

Sometime between 1964 and 2024, Palestine will be found to be a place of incredible wealth. Dead Sea deposits will be valued at something like $12,000 billion.

The last great battle on Earth (Armageddon) will be fought on the plains of Palestine, as prophesied in the *Bible*, and will be waged sometime during the period 1964-2024.

AUNT JANE—BORN A SLAVE, SHE PROPHESIED FOR A PRESIDENT

Until her death just a few years ago, Jane Berry Owen was known throughout the South as Aunt Jane, the Fortune Woman.

Born a slave in 1859, Jane grew up near Collins, Mississippi, on the plantation of the illustrious Berry family. The Berrys were pioneers in education in Mississippi, and they had seen to it that their slaves had received at least a "smattering" of book learning.

Aunt Jane was fond of telling how her mystic power came to her. "I got it from my hair," she would proclaim, her eyes twinkling, directing attention to braids that reached to her knees.

According to the old woman, she had absolutely no hair at all until she was a teenager. Her mother used to be so ashamed of her daughter's freakish baldness that she would scrape at her scalp with steel bristled cotton batting cards in the painful hope of stimulating some growth.

Once when the girl was suffering through a particularly violent session of scalp scraping, she pulled loose from her mother's grasp and ran out of the cabin. To disobey one's parent, whether one's skin were white or black, was an unheard of thing in the Old South. Young Jane hid herself in the neighboring forest and gave vent to her temper.

She broke a limb from the balsam lily bush in which she was hiding, shook the stick skyward, and yelled:

"O God! You helped Daniel in the lion's den, you saved the Hebrew children and now you got to help me. Please God! Let my hair grow as long as this limb so's my mammy won't scrape my head no more!"

It was Jane's belaboring of the Lord that led her mother to find her hiding place. She grabbed the girl by an ear, snatched the switch from her hand, and pulled her out of the bush. "I'll show you what happens to wicked chilluns what sasses the Lord!" she told her daughter grimly.

But the Lord had been listening to the desperate plea of the poor little girl. Soon hair began to sprout so rapidly that Jane's mother was now shamed in reverse. Now, just as often as she would clip it off, the hair would grow back even longer and more unmanageable.

"Then, one time when Mammy was fixing to cut my hair," Jane remembered, "I heard a voice saying to me, 'If you don't let no one cut your hair ever again, you will be blessed with a great power.' "

Jane resisted all further attempts to cut her hair and soon discovered that she had the power "to forecast."

It did not take long for the word to travel in the rural South, and within a very short time, long lines of people were asking Jane for advice about business, love and when to plant crops. She helped people locate missing wallets, cattle and children. Even in her nineties, Jane saw an average of 50 "clients" a day.

Her most painful prophecy was when she foresaw the murder of her beloved husband and the subsequent acquittal of his slayer by the court. It all happened just as she had foreseen, and the murderer walked out of the courtroom a free man.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt was Aunt Jane's most illustrious client. On September 28, 1942, when Roosevelt's party visited Camp Shelby near Hattiesburg, Mississippi, the President made a secret trip to Aunt Jane's cabin. She refused to reveal what prophecy she had given the President until the day she died.

NAPOLEON'S BOOK OF PROPHECY

The man who had once conquered all of Europe and proclaimed himself its Emperor now lay dying. On that day, May 5, 1821, his physician, Dr. Arnott, recalled what his patient had told him just a few weeks earlier: "Our hour is marked and no one can claim a moment of life beyond what fate has predestined."

What was it that made Napoleon such an ardent believer in prophecy and fate? More than anything, perhaps, was his acquisition of *Livres de Prophetics*, a book which had been written by Noel Olivarious more than 262 years before the diminutive Corsican's rise to power.

Shortly before the ceremony of coronation which would crown him and Josephine as Emperor and Empress of France, Napoleon gave his wife a copy of the old book and bade her read the prophecies contained therein, which, he told her, certain men had said pertained to him.

Josephine was at once startled and puzzled by what she read, and when she turned to her husband, she found him laughing a bit too loudly in false bravado. On that day, December 2, 1804, it was a bit premature to test the prophecy. In years to come, Napoleon would no longer laugh at the words of Noel Olivarious.

Here is the way Napoleon might have read the

prophecy during one of those lonely days during his banishment on St. Helena.

"Italy will see a supernatural being arise from kindred stock. This man will come, in his youth, out of the sea [Napoleon was a Corsican of common parentage].

"He will adopt the language and the manners of the Celto-Gauls [France].

"While still young, and in spite of untold obstacles, he will have a brilliant career and will become a great commander. Years of arduous toil and struggle will follow. He will be constantly at war. . . . He will give laws to the Germans, end the chaos in Gaul, and finally be made king. Thereupon, he will assume the title of emperor . . . [Napoleon established the Confederation of the Rhine, abolished the German Empire, and made himself Emperor of Europe].

"He will do great things for his realm, construct magnificent buildings, ports, canals, waterworks. He alone will accomplish as much as all the Romans. He will have two wives and one son [this was fulfilled].

"In his wars, his campaigns will lead him where the 55th parallel of latitude intersects with the 55th meridian. There his enemies will set fire to a great city. He will enter it with his soldiers and again leave the ruins. His men will have neither bread nor water. They will perish in the bitter cold [Napoleon's ill-fated invasion of Russia was climaxed with the Russians burning Moscow, rather than allowing the French to occupy it, and was terminated with Napoleon's disastrous retreat through the vicious Russian winter].

"Finally this great man, deserted and betrayed by his friends, will be driven into his own capital by a great European army. [Napoleon found a grand coalition, which had been formed by his enemies, awaiting him upon his return to France. While France rocked with internal strife, allied armies invaded the country and entered Paris on March 31, 1814.]

"Banished to an island not far from his native land, he will remain there with his followers for 11 months, after which he will again disembark on Gaulo-Celtic soil. [When he attempted to resist the allied army, Napoleon found that he had been deserted. He was forced to abdicate and took refuge on Elba, a small island off Italy's west coast. On March 1, 1815, eleven months after his abdication, Napoleon landed at Cannes, France and led a new army against the European coalition.]

"Driven out by a European triple alliance in three and one-half months, he will be compelled to surrender his throne to the former king." [Exactly three and one-half months after he had begun to regroup his forces—June 18, 1815—Napoleon was defeated at Waterloo. He was thereafter decreed a "habitual disturber of the peace of Europe" and banished to the island of St. Helena.].

As Napoleon spent those last brooding days staring forlornly out to sea, he had valid reasons for believing that a book written 262 years before his rise to glory had accurately foretold his fate.

THE CASE OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST THE TEACUPS

The elderly lady gazed contemplatively into the teacup of the woman sitting across the table. There was no word spoken, and for a minute, Shirley Reid wondered whether she and her partner, Dorothy Ellis, had been found out. Then the reader, Mrs. Jean Fraser, began to speak.

"You are from a family of three," she said assuredly.

It startled Shirley Reid for a minute, but she shrugged it off. It was important to Miss Reid to get some evidence against the woman who claimed to be a fortuneteller. She and Dorothy Ellis were constables in the Toronto police force, assigned to investigate the Bonnie Glenn Tea Shop and its proprietor.

The elderly lady looked up from the teacup a bit impatiently. She complained that there was not much in the cup and produced a deck of cards, which she asked Miss Reid to shuffle.

"Now separate them into three piles," Shirley Reid was directed.

When Miss Reid had done so, Mrs. Fraser directed her to pick cards from each pile. Once again Miss Reid followed her instructions.

"Ahh, you are getting married soon," Mrs. Fraser said after gazing at a card.

The police officer nodded her head slightly. It was true.

"I see a '2,'" Mrs. Fraser continued, her eyes not leaving the card. "You're getting married in April and the wedding date has a '2' in it."

This was too much to be a coincidence. Shirley Reid was planning to get married on April 28, 1962. Vaguely, Constable Reid realized that she was not gathering any evidence. Mrs. Fraser was astonishingly correct in all the things she read.

Unaware that she was being investigated, Mrs. Fraser went right on studying the cards that Shirley Reid drew. "Your husband will ask you to quit working, but you will stay for about two years and then leave to bear twin boys."

After Shirley Reid had been astonished by the accuracy of what Mrs. Fraser had seen, it was Dorothy Ellis' turn. The lady told Miss Ellis that she had been one of four children. Once again Mrs. Fraser was correct.

"Someone near you witnessed a bad accident recently," Mrs. Fraser went on. She then touched upon Miss Ellis' past and predicted many as yet unverifiable things.

A third woman sent to gather evidence against Mrs. Fraser was Constable Kay Burford. Again Mrs. Fraser was able to examine and to project the policewoman's life with eerie accuracy.

In the trial of Mrs. Fraser, the testimony in answer to the Crown's questions, was not always what J. P. Rickaby, counsel for the Crown, had expected. In fact some of the answers were downright embarrassing. Mrs. Fraser's attorney, W. K. Robinson, was quick to establish that none of the women had been defrauded.

Robinson pointed out that they had not been deceived. Each witness stated that she did not believe

that the things Mrs. Fraser had predicted would come true. This, coupled with the unfailing accuracy of Mrs. Fraser's readings, left the court and the counsel more than a little confused.

Mrs. Jean Fraser has long claimed the power of prophecy. She told newsmen that she nearly drove her parents crazy by accurately predicting the death of her grandmother. Another time, she said that she had a vision of her brother with one of his arms missing. A few months after the vision, the brother was in an accident, and lost the use of his arm for several years.

After the testimony, Crown counsel Rickaby admitted that, "Perhaps the Crown had not made out its case." There was some confusion about the meaning of the term "fraudulent," and in the end, it was agreed that no fraud had been committed.

After the decision, the judge looked at Mrs. Fraser, who had sat silently and unconcerned throughout the trial. At last he asked the lady whether she had been able to predict the outcome of the trial.

Unhesitatingly, in a thick, Highland brogue Mrs. Fraser replied, "I knew it would turn out all right, Your Worship."

PREDICTIONS FROM THOSE WHO GLIMPSE THE FUTURE

On July 2, 1966, at the annual convention of the American Federation of Astrologers, astrologer David Williams expressed his wish that the White House acquire an astrologer. In an address, Williams said that his calculations indicated that a truce was possible in Vietnam after March 4, 1967.

"The tide of battle will not turn favorable to the U. S. until Saturn moves into Aries on March 4th," Williams said. "On that date the planetary picture changes for the better and a face-saving truce similar to that which ended the Korean war could result."

Williams also announced that his computations revealed that "the U. S. is destined to be the leader of Western civilization for the next 2150 years."

A possible truce in Vietnam, the fixed position of the U. S. as leader of the Western allies, what other predictions do the seers offer for the future?

H. Douglas Miller, an astrologer from Detroit, sees a hard winter for President Johnson. "His chart says that this year he does not have the right panel of experts working for him. He will be held back from handling foreign affairs in the right light.

"According to the stars, the marriage of his daughter, Luci, should prove to be a good marriage in the long run.

"Starting about February to June 1967, President

Johnson's chart is adverse both healthwise and from the standpoint of bad press coverage. He may have to greatly restrict his work activities. I think that just before the middle of March some health treatment will be necessary. His diet will be at the crux of the matter."

Miller, a college-educated astrologer who has also studied piano and voice, believes that prediction should be used as an accessory to psychology and medicine.

Evelyn McKeever, newly moved to Miami Beach, Florida, found her psychic powers became greatly amplified after a spinal injury in 1951.

"I can only say that I do know things in advance of their happening," Miss McKeever says. "What makes it all the more interesting is that sometimes really complicated situations have to form or dissolve before the predicted thing can take place. My contention is that if something beyond this so-called normal sphere wants to get through to you, it will find a way."

Miss McKeever warns that both America and Europe must be wary of several crises which shall arise because of abuse of drug laws—especially those concerning LSD.

James Cameron of Cloich-Mhile, Stanley, Perth, Scotland is a reader of the Tarot cards, uses a crystal ball, and also analyzes with numbers according to the Kabbalah.

"Everyone has some degree of predictive sense," says Cameron. "The sense will be more developed in some than in others. Just because a clairvoyant is conscious of his psychic perception, he should not exult in that which it is his privilege to have. It should be used for the good of all."

The Scottish seer predicts a coming trade recession for the United States which shall occur sometime in the next 10 years.

"Economic factors, trade, employment—like a pendulum swing first one way, then the other. My view is that U. S. prosperity has reached a peak. Some recession will be noticed through 1967 and 1968.

"The year 1968 will underline the financial fact that alliances and foreign commitments are costly, and there will be reductions and loss in some branches of foreign trade.

"The low of the country's financial well-being will probably be the summer of 1969.

"A critical year for the United States government will be 1970. Important personalities—some at the top —will be replaced. Both 1969 and 1970 will be difficult years for the nation's economy and its government."

Whether one chooses to pay heed to prophecies and to prepare for contingencies, or whether one elects to ignore them completely as idle prattle, millions of people in the world shall be made uneasy and shall be reminded of *Amos* 3:7:

"The Lord will do nothing without revealing His Secret to His servants, the prophets."

THE STRANGE POWER OF PROPHECY—GIFT OR CURSE?

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